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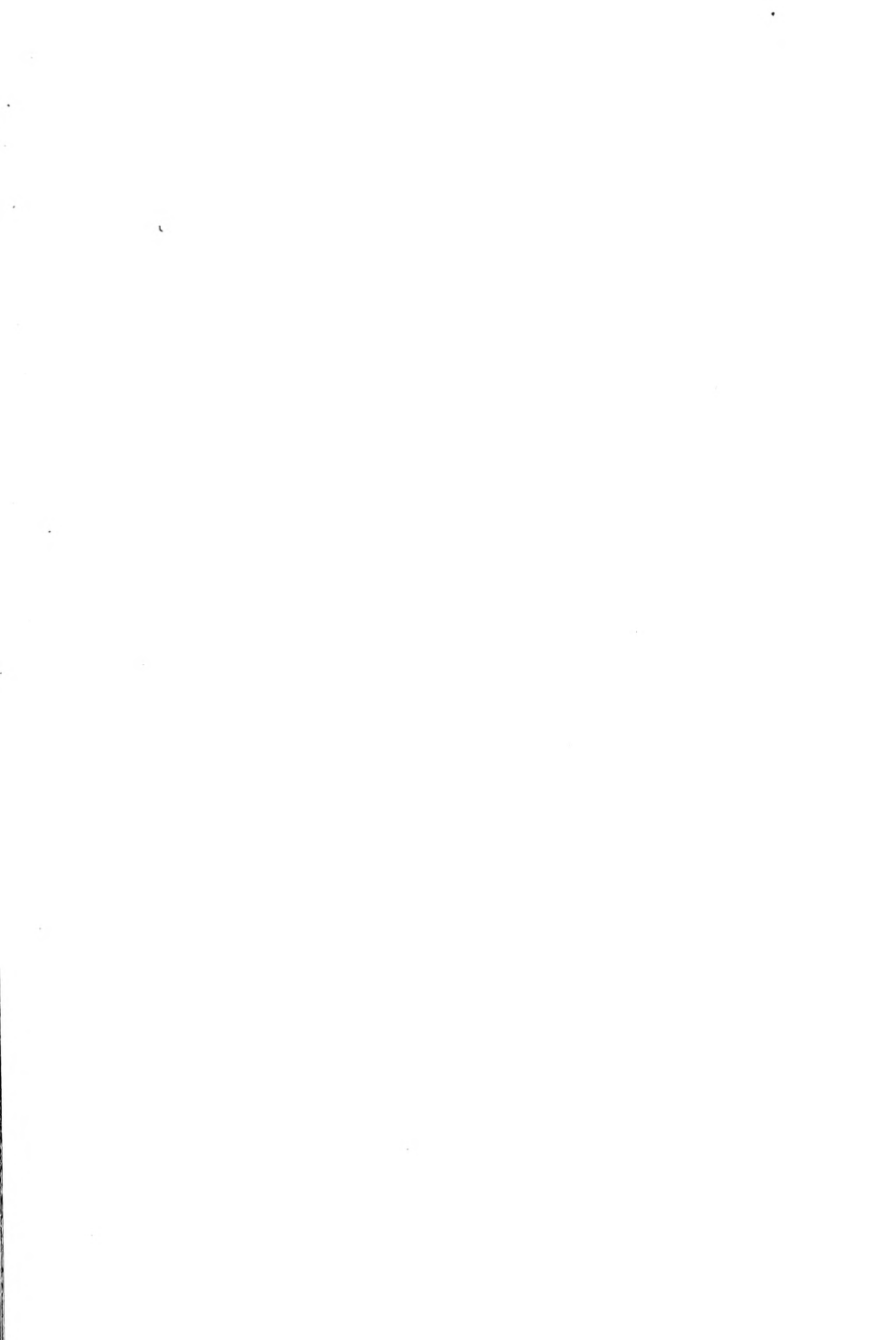
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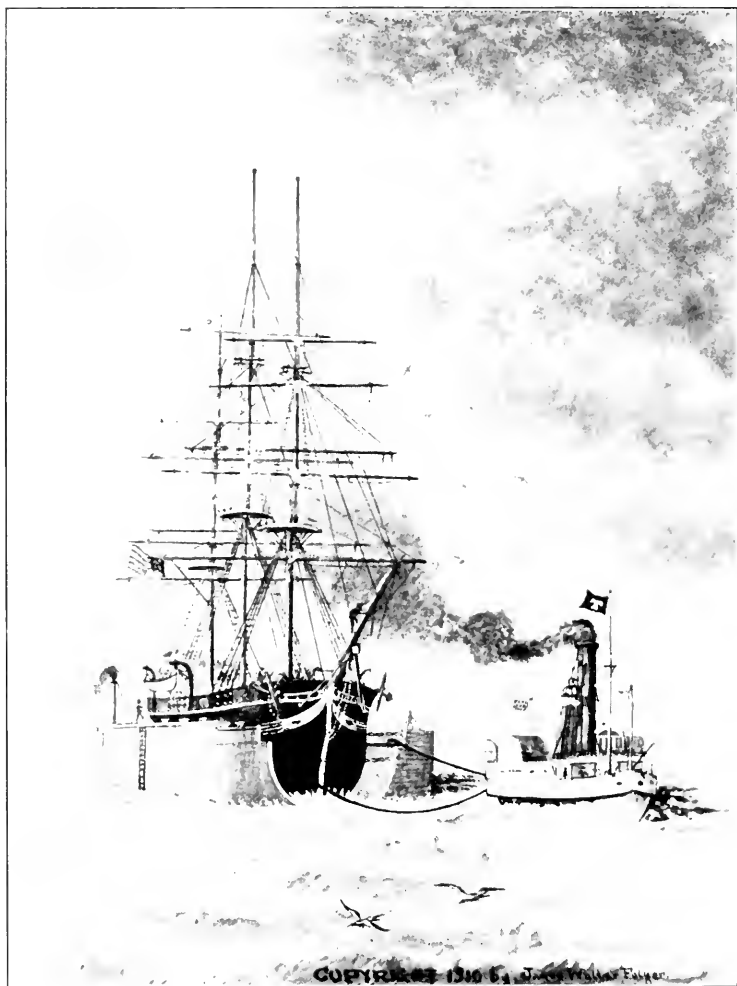












SHIP CITIZEN (LAST WHALER IN CAMPEL)

The Glacier's Gift

With Fourteen Illustrations

BY

EVA C. G. FOLGER



THE TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR COMPANY
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1911

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DEDICATION

To the friends whose sympathy and confidence inspired my efforts; to the people of Nantucket, who gave so graciously and unsparingly of their store of knowledge; and to James Walter Folger, artist and woodcarver, through whose untiring zeal so much heretofore unpublished data was secured, this book is lovingly dedicated.

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E. C. G. F.

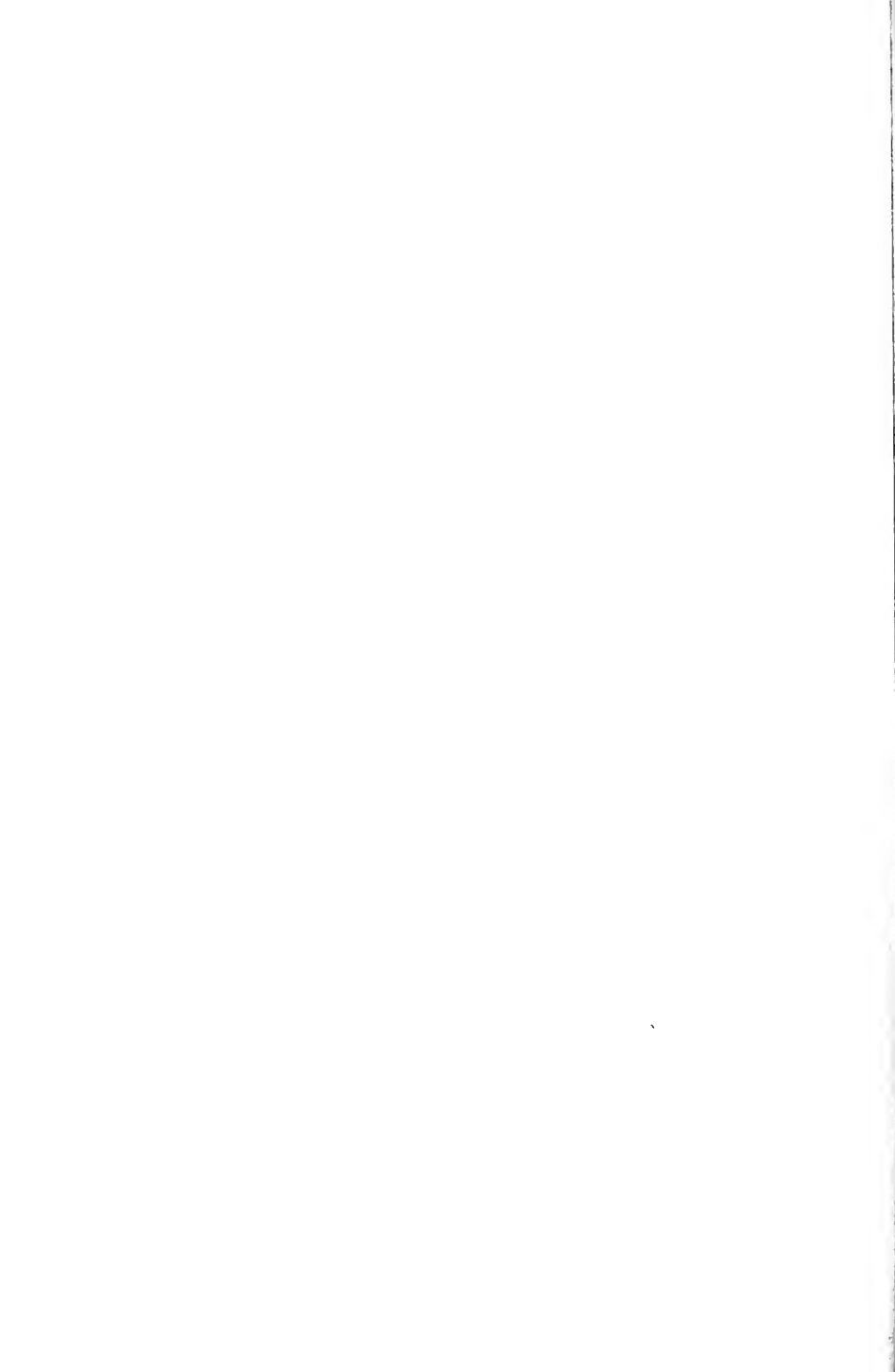
INTRODUCTION

It has not been my aim to write a history of an island and its people of which much has already been told, but rather a collection of facts, many of which have never before been given to the public, giving in brief some idea of the formation of the island itself, and touching lightly on the genealogy of those few sturdy men who braved the dangers of the sea and contact with savage tribes that they might enjoy civil and religious liberty.

It is also my desire to give to the public a knowledge of a few of the really great men and women who claimed this isolated spot as their home, some of whom went far beyond the confines of their birthplace and made themselves a power for good in the great and busy world.

I have sought to give credit to whom credit is due in the matter of quotations and am guiltless of intention to plagiarize, although someone has said that all English writers are plagiarists of necessity, simply because there is but one correct manner of expression; but laying all arguments aside, my chief desire is that the book may prove readable and entertaining, and above all, authentic in so far as possible.

E. C. G. F.



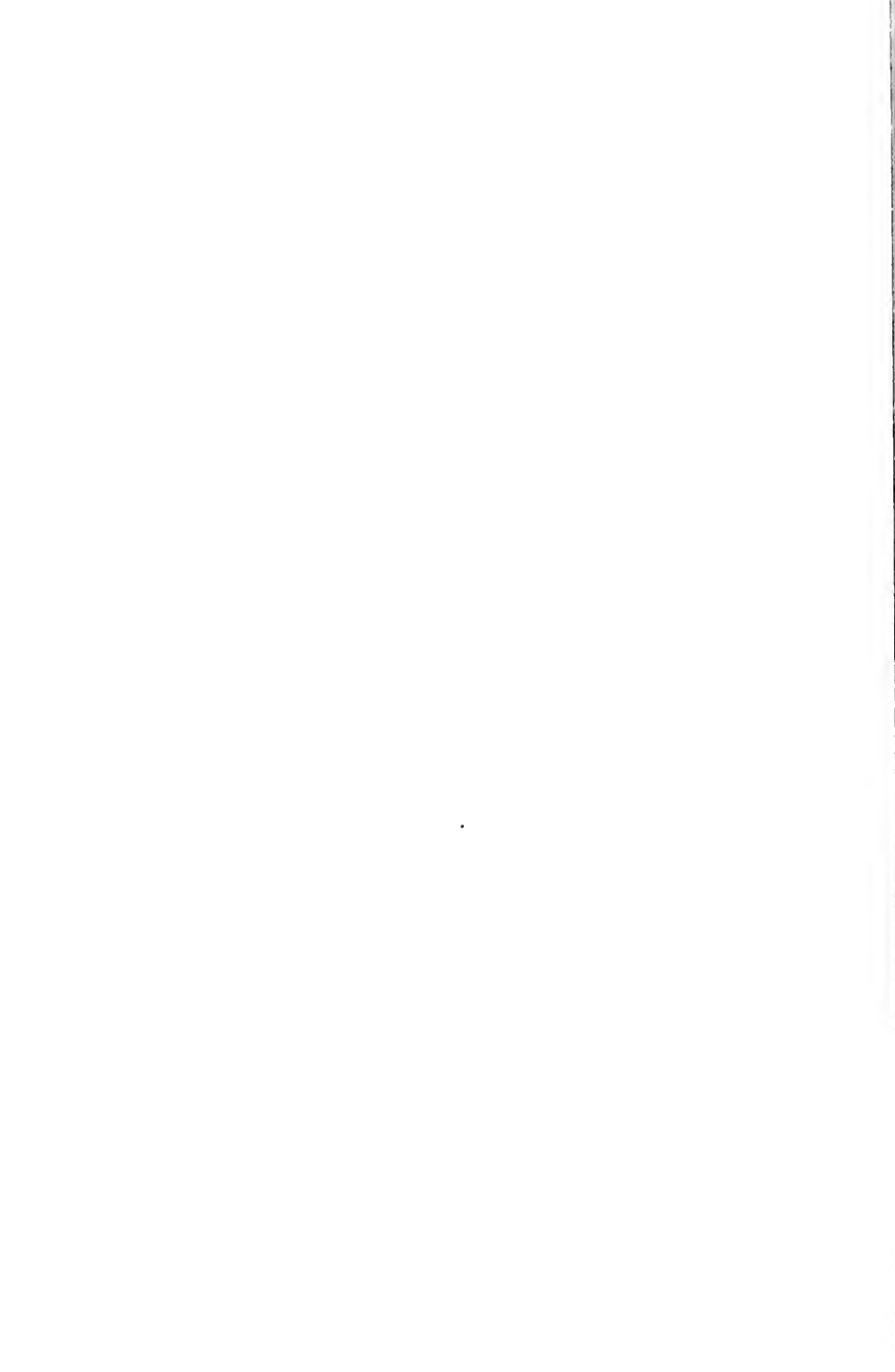
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CHAPTER I

As it Was in the Beginning



AN Indian legend runs as follows: Once upon a time there lived on the Atlantic coast a giant who used Cape Cod for his bed. One night, being restless, he tossed from side to side till his moccasins were filled with sand. This so enraged him that on rising in the morning he flung the offending moccasins from his feet, one alighting to form Martha's Vineyard, while the other became the since famous island of Nantucket.

So much for the legend. Fact ever remains stranger than fiction, and the question arises—What inspired the Indians to tell their story in such a manner that in its symbolism it should compare so nearly with the scientific discoveries concerning the formation of this land, which from the beginning of time was destined to become so great a factor in the general economy of nature? Was it a memory carried over from some previous incarnation, or was it simply one of those peculiar coincidences that gives to the author the reputation of soothsayer and seer? This question may be answered by the individual, according to the construction he may see fit to place upon it. But outrivaling the most glowing imagery, and standing parallel with the sacred tradition of the creation, is the story of the Glacier's Gift.

“And darkness was upon the face of the deep.” So sayeth the Holy Writ. From zone to zone stretched one vast sheet of water. Over this great sea for ages hung a pall of fog and clouds, through which not the tiniest ray of sunlight had ever pierced, till one day Divine Purpose decreed that this ball, which had from the beginning been without form and void, must now take its place among the

planets to which it belonged. Changes in nature cannot come suddenly without destruction; no cataclysmic shifting of the scenes is possible without utter annihilation, for thus sayeth the Scriptures, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years."

So gradually from the waters arose the fronds of ferns and palms. The age of the conifers was at hand. A tropic heat pervaded the globe from Arctic Circle to the Equator. With the advent of this age of verdure came the divine idea of life.

The plants inhaled the elements of the air, and combining them with the chemical processes employed in the creation of plant life, in turn exhaled this amalgam, absorbing the dampness and moisture, throwing off into the atmosphere a rarefied product. As a result, the clouds that for ages had hung like a pall over the sea, now slowly rolled away and for the first time since this atom known as the earth began turning on its individual axis, the king of day smiled down upon a forest of unrivaled beauty.

Now the "waters were gathered together in one place," and dry land appeared. In time grass grew, fruit trees put forth their branches, while from the grave of the fronded forest arose a hardier vegetation, establishing from that time forth the law of the "survival of the fittest."

Living creatures now came to disport themselves on this land, where all was good and beautiful. The mastodon roved in freedom from the Equator to the Arctic Circle; birds of the air, perching in the trees, chanted forth their carols with a joy unalloyed. From zone to zone one vast garden existed, filled with every living thing, over which man was created to rule and hold dominion.

Stagnation means death; and as this world was not created in vain, but for the fulfillment of a divine decree, changes were constantly manifesting themselves. Each age or period was to experience a phenomenon distinctly its

own, the causes of which will remain a mystery till the scroll that separates mortals from the All-Wise shall roll up and reveal the secrets of the ages.

Another period is now at hand. The seasons came in turn and the sun, which had cast its beams on all things with the same degree of heat, by a slight tilting of the earth from its regular orbit could only send its vertical rays and heat toward the direct center. Spring, summer, autumn and winter were now parts of the physical phenomena of the earth. Severe and more severe became the winter season; ice and snow accumulated which the rays of the summer sun could not melt. The time had come for the advent of the giant Ice-king. For untold ages the ceaseless tides of old ocean's gray and melancholy waste had washed the Atlantic's rock-ribbed shore, lashing it in fury as the winter winds swept unresistingly inland, and wooing with gentle caresses when the balmy breezes of summer played lovingly on the crests of the waves.

One day the Power who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, looked upon His creation and saw that it was not good; another element was needed to complete the structure of the mighty universe. The winds blew cold and chill across the now frozen northland; the Arctic night settled down with a pall of ice and snow. The giant had come into his own. Day followed day and night succeeded night, with no cessation of the biting cold; the snowwhite hares, the hairless buffaloes that had been wont to rove over the summer plains, the white owls and other birds of the now frigid zone, driven and buffeted by the relentless blasts, were overtaken and severely castigated by the cohorts of the mighty giant, who with seemingly implacable wrath sought to destroy all living things.

At last, weary and hungered, completely spent in the unequal battle, animals and birds huddling together for warmth and protection, slowly sank into the dreamless sleep

of death; the trumpet of Arctic playing their requiem, their tombs of crystal outrivaling in magnificence the glittering walls of the Taj Mahal.

And now the giant reigns supreme in this land of death and desolation. How he gloats over his triumph! For countless ages he retains undisputed sway in this, his chosen realm. He shrieks with demoniac glee as at his bidding there arise mountain upon mountain, rampart upon rampart and castle upon castle of dazzling white.

But what is this change that is coming? It is a sinister influence that is at work in this frozen domain of the giant-king. In terror he discovers that some power mightier than he is threatening to destroy the kingdom of which he is so proud. A warm wind from the southland touches but lightly the icy ramparts, yet 'tis enough!—the castle walls tremble, while angered and terrified the giant cries aloud, entreating and commanding his cohorts to preserve his habitation. 'Tis too late, for slowly the realm of ice begins to move and, grinding, trembling to its very foundation, starts out on its course, carrying everything before it. Day after day, year after year, and age after age the monster moves onward, impelled ever by the breath of its archenemy, the south-wind. At last, at the bidding of the guiding Power, the giant is halted in his onward march, and resting in the embrace of the Gulf Stream, is overcome and sinks slowly down into a watery grave.

Centuries now pass, but one day the "Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters." Out of the depths emerges dry land, a fitting monument to that doughty monarch who resisted so valiantly the efforts to deprive him of his cherished kingdom.

God looked upon this late creation and found that still it was not good; other elements were needed to perfect and make it ready for its predestined purpose. Tidal waves carried their freight of marine life, depositing it upon the

land, building layer upon layer of a foundation to a structure which, when accepted by the Master Builder, should prove a sanctuary to an exiled humanity.

But the time was not yet. Ages were still to pass, while Nature added her quota to the soil. Wintry winds hurled the crested waves in angry war against the foundation, as though seeking to destroy it, thus avenging the death of the monarch who had been forced to abdicate his throne. But the Power which had guided the atom to this safe haven tempered the shock of the onslaught, bringing in its turn the soothing touch of summer breezes.

Another change now comes over the face of nature. The giant-king of the icy realms arises and, in his reincarnation, finds himself once more on his frozen throne, wielding his scepter in Boreas' domain. At his command the mighty blasts hurl themselves through the mist-laden air and the Frost-king dominates the frozen zone.

Ages pass, history repeats itself, and once more that subtle enemy of the snow- and ice-fields, the warm breeze from the south, breathes once more on the crystal palace, urging it from its foundation, directing it once again toward the open sea. Straining, creaking bergs move out, gathering through countless years rich material which is to find anchor upon that spot, chosen by the Maker of land and sea. On, on they move in majestic dignity, until once again in the embrace of the Gulf Stream his appointed task finished, the giant expires, to return to life no more. Before the Creator's eyes lies the beginning of the Utopia that is to be.

In preparation for man, who is to find refuge here, the waves of the sea are mighty factors, casting up seeds carried, perhaps, untold distances, to take root in this new land, as yet destitute of verdure.

Feathery seeds, borne on ocean breezes from other lands, descend here to find both sepulcher and rebirth. Pine

cones and acorns, floating in on the tide, burrow into the sand and lie dormant until, under the caressing rays of the summer sun, they send out shoots which in time to come will furnish both shelter and fuel to the generations of mankind that shall follow after.

Seedtime and harvest succeed each other in turn—the planter, the ocean breezes; the reaper, frosts of autumn and snows of winter. Sea-fowls, driven before the trumpeting blasts of icy winds, find refuge and surcease from an unequal struggle. Gulls, feasting on the victims of restless waves, fill the dreary waste with their raucous cries, thus giving thanks for so stable a resting-place; birds of passage, wearying in their long flight across the waters, alight and leave their contribution in payment for the kindly hospitality proffered by this seagirt atom. Fertility, further aided by the decay of rock and debris cast up from the sea, at last transforms this once desolate island into a veritable garden. Trees, grass, flowers spring up and the “desert blossoms as the rose.”

In this retreat no human foot has trod, no voice has yet been lifted up in prayer or praise; the only music, the songs of birds, or the mighty symphony of old ocean, as its moaning surf is flung against the shore. No beacon light has shed its rays across the waters, to warn venturesome mariners of the treacherous shoals that lie a menace in the sea. And thus it was that the island of Nantucket came into existence.

This book is not by any means a geological treatise, but the discoveries concerning the formation of this land must be lightly touched upon. It is an undisputed fact that Nantucket Island is one of the most perfect examples of a terminal moraine in existence and at the present time marks the terminus of the ice-sheet in North America, although it is possible that the ice extended farther out to sea. It is now believed that the portion of ice that formed the island

came from Newfoundland, and while it is distinguished by the name of lobe, is thought to have assumed proportions sufficient to have almost formed a distinct ice-sheet. As the moraine seems to rest upon older land, it may be assumed that this foundation was produced by an earlier descent of ice occupying the same territory. From examination of the oldest beds in the formation of the island, it is thought that they date back no further than the Cretacic, to which age some of the underlying clays are thought to belong. Of this, however, there is no positive proof, but laying aside all argument as to the age to which it belongs, scientists are agreed in the verdict that Nantucket is truly the result of the continental ice-sheets. No other spot in North America offers so great an inducement to geologists as this land lying in the sea. There is not a square inch of its undulating moorland but affords most striking examples of glacial deposit, erosion and drift. The topography of the island is diversified by kame-hills, with their accompanying kettle-holes which now go to the formation of most attractive fresh-water ponds; the contact slope of Tom Never's Head and the apron plain of Miacomet, each in itself presenting an aspect dear to the heart of every enthusiastic scientist.

CHAPTER II

The Earth Receives Her King



OW many ages passed before this late creation was discovered by man tradition sayeth not, but in all probability it was seen many times by adventurous mariners before any record was made.

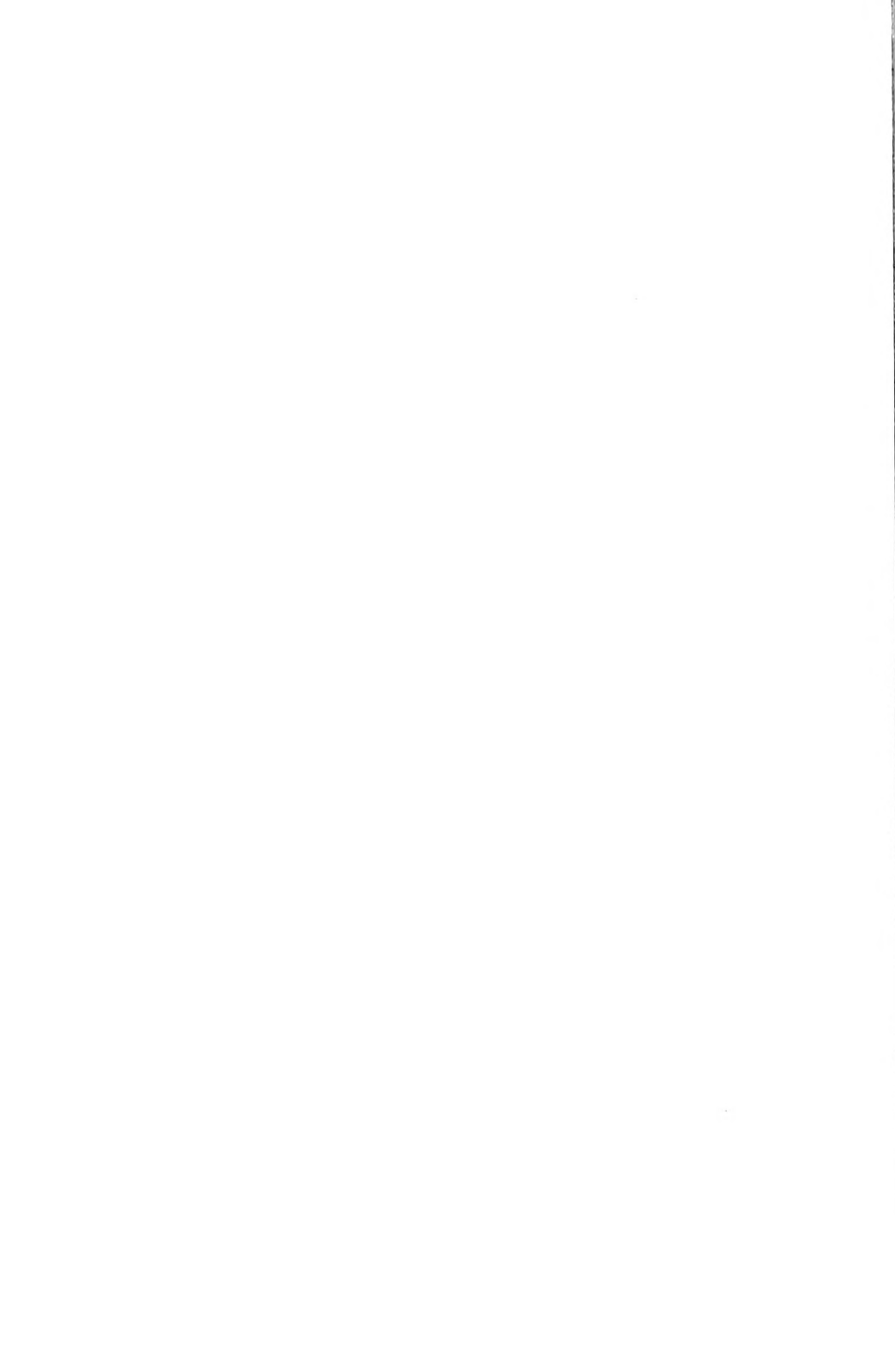
Going back to Norse history, we find that during the reign of Earl Haakon, Erik the Red, having killed a man, was forced to leave Norway, going to Iceland, where he committed another murder. For this he was banished, and having by some means heard of the great country to the westward which had been discovered by a sailor driven thence by a storm, he hastily got a crew together and started on a voyage of discovery, coming to the land in 984. This was afterward named Greenland.

Erik returned to Iceland, secured a party of colonists and making the second voyage, established a number of settlements to which his son, Leif Erikson, in 999, with a company of priests and teachers, journeyed and preached Christianity to the people and by these means established monasteries, schools and churches, which were maintained by prosperous colonists until late in the fourteenth century.

Again the stormy seas were active agents in the discovery of new lands. One Bjarne Heriulfson, sailing westward from Iceland, encountered rough weather. Losing his bearings, he touched upon strange shores which he knew could not be Greenland, but without investigating further he turned from his course and came at last to Greenland. He was soundly ridiculed upon his return for not having explored these new lands.



LANDING OF WHITE PEOPLE—INTERVIEW BETWEEN MAYVIEW AND INDIANS



Venturesome Leif Erikson obtained possession of Biarne's ship and in the year 1000 set sail with a crew of thirty-five men, to see what he could find of these much-talked-of lands. This voyage resulted in the discovery of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia.

Leaving these new discoveries, Leif and his crew set sail again and in two days' time landed on an island on the north side of the mainland. Here the party found a very pleasant country, and loading their vessel with timber and grapes, which they found in abundance, they sailed back to Greenland, after having named this country Vinland.

Again, in 1002, Leif Erikson's brother, Thorvald, sailed toward the south with a band of thirty men. They came to Vinland and remained there during the winter, putting in their time fishing. When spring came the party was sent out in a long boat to a country at the south, which they found to be heavily wooded and beautiful in the extreme. There were many islands and shallow water just off this land. The party returned to Vinland, where they again spent the winter, but in the spring Thorvald sailed to the eastward and cruised northward along the land. A storm arising, the vessel was driven to the shore of the Cape, where the keel being broken, they were forced to make an extended stay in order to put the vessel into commission again. "We will stick up the keel here upon the ness, and call the place Keel-ness," said Thorvald. This country is assumed to have been the Cape Cod of to-day.

In 1005, Thorstein, another brother of Leif Erikson, made explorations on the coast, and lastly, in 1007, a distinguished navigator, Thorfin Karlsefne, with a crew of one hundred and fifty men, explored the New England coast, going as far south as Virginia. As late as 1347 Norwegian sailors are said to have visited Labrador and other parts of the New England coast. While historians of Iceland give accounts of explorations of their hardy countrymen,

and as told, at the mention of America the school children of Iceland will speak with much enthusiasm, saying that "Leif Erikson discovered that country in 1001," still nothing definite is known of their real discoveries. A manuscript, known as the *Flate-yar Bok*, was written in the fourteenth century, recording accounts of the Vinland explorations. This book is said to be written on parchment, and is considered the most beautiful piece of penmanship of that age and was the work of two priests.

It is known that Columbus visited Iceland in 1497, for the purpose of obtaining information concerning nautical matters, and it seems strange, indeed, that he should not have learned something of the discoveries entered in this *Flate-yar Bok*. While in all probability Nantucket is one of the islands mentioned in these records, yet of this there is no proof; and although these hardy and venturesome mariners were much given to sailing unknown seas and exploring new lands, the world is little, if any, better off for their undertakings.

The first record we have of English explorers is that of the Cabots. In May, 1496, Giovanni Caboto, or as he is better known, John Cabot, a Venetian mariner, was commissioned by King Henry to make explorations in the Atlantic Ocean and to carry the English flag to whatever lands he might thus discover. With five well-fitted ships he left Bristol in April, 1497, and on June 24 Labrador was reached. Ridpath avers that "this was the real discovery of the American continent." Cabot found no inhabitants, but planted the English flag, thus claiming the land as an English possession.

In 1498, Sebastian, a son of John Cabot, who had accompanied his father on the first voyage, now took the opportunity offered and with his father's fleet set forth on a personally conducted voyage of discovery, the much sought-for northwest passage to the Indies being the objective

point. Touching near the former discoveries, the fleet cruised down the Atlantic seaboard, sighting the New England coast for the first time since the Norse explorations. It is probable that Nantucket was one of the islands seen, but still the time had not come for this particular spot to attract special notice.

In 1524, John Verrazani, a Florentine navigator, set out with a view to discovering a northwest passage to Asia. He first sighted land near Wilmington, North Carolina; turning north he touched Cape Fear, and continuing on his way, he explored the coast of New England with great care. Why he did not make the acquaintance of our island and get the credit for its discovery is one of the mysteries which will never be made clear.

In 1602 the English flag was brought to the American shores. This time the honor is due Bartholomew Gosnold. The only known route from Europe to the New World was a roundabout way. Ships often headed for the eastern coast of America first sailed to the Canary Islands, thence to the West Indies, at last turning north to gain their destination. Gosnold conceived the idea that this course was unnecessary and fitting out a single vessel, the *Dolphin*, proceeded directly across the ocean, reaching the coast of Maine in seven weeks, making a gain of at least 2,000 miles. He explored to the southward, landing at Cape Cod, thus making the first landing of the English in New England. Passing around Cape Malabar, the vessel left Nantucket on the right and turned into Buzzards Bay, selecting the most westerly of the Elizabeth Islands, on which the first English settlement was established.

The reader may consider the foregoing a digression and possibly irrelevant to the subject in hand, but the early explorations and discoveries should never fail to interest the student of American history. It is not my purpose, however, to repeat these already well-known facts, only

insomuch as is necessary to call the reader's attention to the numberless times the island of Nantucket might have been discovered and colonized, thereby gaining the honor of having been the first settlement in North America.

But the Guiding Hand which saw fit to place this land in such a location that it might be the guardian at the gateway of New England coast traffic, foreordained that its discovery should be left to the Anglo-Saxon, that indomitable race which can never be superseded and through whose virility and progressiveness all things are possible. The real history of the island begins in 1659, when it was settled by the ancestors and founders of many prominent families, whose representatives are to be found throughout the entire world at the present time.

History tells of the transaction between the Plymouth Company and William, Earl of Sterling, whereby "Pemaquid, and its dependencies on the coast of Maine," also Long Island and adjoining islands, became the property of said Earl of Sterling in the year 1635. Two years later, James Forrett became the agent of the earl and was commissioned to sell or settle all islands between the Cape and the Hudson River. Accordingly, in 1641, Thomas Mayhew and his son Thomas purchased the island of Nantucket from James Forrett for "such annual acknowledgment as shall be thought fit by John Winthrop, the elder esquire, or any two magistrates of Massachusetts Bay"; and as Sir Fernando Gorges also claimed the title to the island, the elder Mayhew obtained another conveyance of Nantucket and other islands from Richard Vines, who was Gorges' agent.

Thomas Mayhew sold the rights he had acquired from Sterling and Gorges in 1659 to nine others; namely, Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Christopher Hussey, Richard Swain, Thomas Barnard, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, John Swain and William Pyle, for the sum of thirty

pounds and two beaver hats, "one for myself and one for my wife." Mayhew reserved a one-twentieth share of the island and was to share in the profits and losses of the enterprise. Each of the purchasers was allowed to choose an associate, and in this manner John Smith, Nathaniel Starbuck, Robert Pike, Thomas Look, Robert Barnard, James Coffin, Tristram Coffin, Jr., Thomas Coleman and Edward Starbuck became purchasers, who bought of the Indian sachems the right to the island in 1660.

As to the settlement of the island, there have been various versions, the most entertaining one being told in Whittier's legendary poem, "The Exiles," which portrays most vividly Macy's escape from the sheriff and priest after having been detected in the act of harboring a Quaker, an act considered a crime in those days of religious bigotry. The poet tells the story of the exiles landing on Nantucket in the following words:

"Far around the bleak and stormy Cape,
The ven'trous Macy past,
And on Nantucket's naked isle,
Drew up his boat at last,
And how in log built cabin,
They braved the rough sea weather,
And there in peace and quietness,
Went down life's vale together."

All will agree that the legend is a pretty one and romantic enough to please the most fastidious, but it is a version of the settlement of Nantucket which is refuted by all reputable historians.

A more accurate statement of the case is given in a part of the Macy genealogy. Thomas Macy, a native of Salisbury, in Wiltshire, England, came to America about the year 1639 and became one of the original settlers of Salisbury, Massachusetts. He seems to have been a prominent man, being a planter, merchant and Baptist minister.

The Massachusetts laws enacted in 1656 and 1657, restricted the freedom of worship and prohibited the entertaining of Quakers. Thomas Macy was fined thirty shillings for violating this law, having sheltered Edward Wharton, William Robinson of London, and Marmaduke Stephenson of Yorkshire, England. The two last named were afterward hanged on the Boston Common, for having had the temerity to return to Massachusetts, after having been banished on the charge of being Quakers.

Not being satisfied with his paying a fine and apologizing to the court for his defection, the magistrates ordered that he be admonished by the government. This action, combined with the arrant bigotry and religious persecution which exiled Ann Hutchinson and Harry Vane, and drove Roger Williams to a life with savage tribes, which was to be preferred to one in Massachusetts, and tiring of the eternal vigilance exercised by the magistrates, Macy, taking his wife and children, in company with Isaac Coleman and Edward Starbuck, embarked in a small boat at Salisbury and, with the really necessary household effects, set sail for Nantucket, where they built a hut and spent the winter of 1658 and 1659.

This was the beginning of the town of Sherburne, which was situated southeast from Capaum Pond, the generally accepted version of the settlement at Madaket to the contrary notwithstanding. Macy, in his history of Nantucket, states that the first settlement was made on the southeast side of Madaket Harbor, but later investigations have proven that Tristram Coffin had his house lot laid out near Wannacomet Pond, and near this was the site of Thomas Macy's first abode. There are still to be found many evidences of human habitations, such as indentations supposed to be filled cellars, etc., thus entirely exploding the theory that Madaket was ever a town.

During the winter Macy consulted with the Indians, who then inhabited the island, on the question of rights and privileges to be accorded the purchasers whom he represented. That Macy was more than a voluntary exile is refuted simply owing to the fact that he returned to Salisbury in 1664, where he still retained property. It may be safe to say that although, as has already been stated, a desire to escape religious persecution may have been one cause of his leaving Salisbury, yet behind all, there was probably a greater desire to better his financial standing, and the spirit of commercialism was a greater factor than the much exploited craving for religious liberty.

Although the Mayhews made their purchase in 1641, yet nothing of historical value seems to have occurred for a long stretch of years extending from this date to 1659, up to which time the greater part of the island was owned solely by the Mayhews; and although the conveyance to the nine purchasers occurred July 2, 1659, it appears that possession was not taken till 1661. From time to time sachems' rights were secured, until the entire island of Nantucket passed into the hands of the white man. After Mayhew's purchase, a discussion arose over the state ownership of the island, Sir Fernando Gorges, governor of Maine, claiming it for his state. In 1664 the Duke of York was granted a certain amount of territory in America, of which Nantucket was a part. Francis Lovelace was appointed governor of New York and its dependencies, and in 1671 gave the settlers a patent which confirmed the deed of Forrett, the consideration paid for the patent being "four barrels of merchantable cod-fish to be delivered to New York annually."

There was two conditions attached to this patent; first, that certain lands should be purchased from the Indians and that these purchases would be confirmed and ratified by the Crown of England.

CHAPTER III

The Rise and Fall of Utopia



N the previous chapter mere mention was made of the nine original purchasers of the island; and although it would be impossible to give in full the lives of the entire list of really important personages without entering deeply into genealogy which is not interesting to other than those personally concerned, still it is only just that those to whose credit the largest number of descendants is due should receive passing notice at least. As the necessity of intermarriages between cousins in those early days has made all the island world akin, one man's biography might almost serve to meet the requirements of one common ancestry. A story proving the relationship existing among the island families is that told in a Nantucket woman's reply to a stranger. The latter in telling of the meeting of someone in Nantucket said: "By the way, I believe she is a cousin of yours." "No doubt," replied the Nantucketer; "I have five thousand cousins here." As that was about the total number of inhabitants on the island at that time it shows conclusively how careful a stranger should be of passing adverse criticism on one native in the hearing of another.

As much has already been said of Thomas Macy in regard to the early settling of the island, his name will not here receive further notice other than he was ever prominent in the affairs of the island, being the first recorder there and afterwards appointed chief magistrate. He was a friend of the Indians and was vigorously opposed to selling them liquor, realizing that of all bad Indians a drunken one is the worst. Macy's death occurred in Nantucket April 19, 1682, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and though

he left but one son, John, who married Deborah Gardner and died at the early age of thirty-six, the numerous Macys of to-day trace their origin to this source.

Anything written of Nantucket would indeed be incomplete if the name of Starbuck were omitted. The founder of that family, Edward Starbuck, came to Dover, New Hampshire, from Derbyshire, England, in 1635. He was a man of means and prominence in Dover, but having offended against the laws by embracing the Baptist faith and learning that proceedings were to be instituted against him, he left that place and falling in with Macy, who was about to embark for Nantucket, joined in the enterprise. It was said that "Dover lost a good citizen and Nantucket gained a much respected one." He was a magistrate and one of the leading men of this island colony. His son, Nathaniel, married Mary Coffin, and they were ever prominent in all the affairs of state, becoming enthusiastic Quakers and leading spirits in the religious life of that day. This family is also numerous and to be found in all parts of the world. The name is said to be of Norse origin, signifying "great," "grand."

To the name of Coffin belongs the distinction of the most lengthy genealogy of any family of the island. As much has been written by others concerning it, very brief mention will be made here. Tristram Coffin, one of the original nine purchasers of the island of Nantucket, was born in Brixton, Devonshire, England, in 1605. He married Dionis Stevens and with his family came to America, settling first at Newbury, later going to Haverhill, thence to Salisbury, where he resided till 1660 or 1661, when he removed to Nantucket, building a mansion which he occupied the remainder of his life. As the Coffins were often associated with royalty in English history, so here Tristram became a favorite with those in authority, being appointed chief magistrate by Governors Lovelace and Andros. The famous contest

which took place between Coffin and Gardner forms an interesting addition to this chapter. Harriet Worren, in her book, "Trustum and His Grand-Children," gives some idea of the multiplication of this family in America. Tristram Coffin died October 2, 1681, aged seventy-six years.

Another purchaser of English birth was Christopher Hussey. When quite a young man he went to Holland, where he fell in love with the daughter of Stephen Bachelor. Hussey was allowed to marry her on the condition that he with his bride would accompany the reverend father-in-law to America. Accordingly they embarked, arriving in Boston in 1632, where they remained until Christopher became one of the original purchasers of Nantucket in 1659. He was a sea captain and one of the few who doesn't seem to have been the recipient of political pie. One version of his death is that he was shipwrecked and eaten by cannibals, but as the Christopher of whom this is true was of a much later generation, we can conclude that this was simply a case of mistaken identity, as the subject of this sketch died in Hampton, New Hampshire, March 6, 1686.

Although not one of the original purchasers, the name of John Gardner must ever be given more than passing notice in any work relating to Nantucket. He was a seaman and resided in Salem for many years. His coming to the island was in accordance with the desire of the colonists, who granted him one-half a share of land, providing he remained at least three years, his occupation to be the "taking of codfish and establishing a trade in that commodity." Gardner was not a man of education, but he was possessed of such personal courage and executive ability that he was soon recognized as a leader. He resided on the island for thirty years and held office almost continuously during that time. He was appointed chief magistrate three times, was deputy to New York, where he was sent by the desire of the people, was treasurer and selectman, filling each of

these offices with much dignity and honor. He is said to have been opposed to the Quakers and objected to their settling on the island, but aside from Peter Folger, the Indians had no better friend and protector than John Gardner. In 1699 he became judge of probate, holding that office until his death, which occurred in 1706. His grave is to be found in the ancient burying ground and is marked by a granite slab, which tells to the world that "Here Lies ye Body of John Gardner, Esq., Aged 82, Who Died May 1706."

Another early settler, who was the original of numerous progeny, was Peter Folger. He was born in Norwich, England, about the year 1617. His parents were John and Meribah Gibbs Folger, and with them he came to America in 1635. They were passengers on the same ship which brought Rev. Hugh Peters, the regicide, to the New World. With the Peters family came a maid, Mary Morrell, with whom Peter Folger fell in love and, as is told elsewhere, he purchased her time of her master, and upon arrival in America made her his wife. They first settled in Watertown, but in 1660 they removed to Martha's Vineyard, where Peter taught school and acted as surveyor for the Mayhews. He learned the Indian language and was interpreter for them. He evidently was extraordinarily devout, as it has been said of him that he greatly assisted Thomas Mayhew, Jr., "in instructing the youth in reading and writing, and the principles of religion, by catechizing, being well versed therein." When Mayhew went to England, he left Peter in charge of his mission at the Vineyard. John Folger died at Martha's Vineyard in 1661 or 1662.

In 1660 or 1661 the owners of Nantucket met at Salisbury and appointed Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Edward Starbuck, Thomas Barnard, and Peter Folger of Martha's Vineyard, to "measure and lay out the land, and whatsoever shall be determined by them, or any three of them, Peter Folger being one, shall be accounted legal and valid."

There have been many discussions arising from the assertion often made that Peter Folger was the only educated man among the early settlers. However overdrawn the statement may be, yet the fact remains that he was an all-around man, showing an ability to fit in all places where assistance was needed. He was a tradesman, interpreter, miller, blacksmith, shoemaker, preacher and schoolmaster. He had a house lot, laid out by Tristram Coffin and Thomas Macy, at a place called Rogers Field, and in 1663 was given a deed to one-half share of land (that is, half as much as any of the twenty purchasers possessed), on condition that within a year he and his family of eight children should move to Nantucket, where he was to act as interpreter of the Indian language whenever it should be necessary. In 1673 he became clerk of the writs and records to the court. Tradition has it that Folger was a Baptist preacher and that he baptized Mary Starbuck, daughter of Tristram Coffin, in a pond, as they later said, "through blind zeal." He was something of a writer, being given to the writing of both poetry (?) and prose. One of his publications, "The Looking Glass for the Times," came out in 1675 or 1676. He died about the year 1690, being survived by his widow until 1704. She was an exceedingly fleshy woman and carried her own chair with her when she went to visit the neighbors. That Folger was, to say the least, one of the great men of his time, is putting it lightly indeed. At any rate, many of the brightest minds the world has ever produced can trace their descent back to this sturdy colonist. In the list are to be found the names of Benjamin Franklin, Lucretia Mott, Honorable Walter Folger, Charles J. Folger and Maria Mitchell.

Owing to the fact that some of the purchasers never came to the island to live, the foregoing names must suffice to give the reader some idea of the character of these sturdy settlers. As a general summing-up of the qualities of the

different families that sprang from these early colonists, the verses ascribed by Godfrey to one Phineas Fanning, who married Keziah Coffin, daughter of the famous Miriam, of whom further mention will be made, seem to find a place here, and without which this chapter would be incomplete.

"The Rays and Russels coopers are,
The knowing Folgers lazy,
A learned Coleman very rare,
And scarce an honest Hussey.

The Coffins noisy, boisterous, loud,
The silent Gardners plotting,
The Mitchells good, the Barkers proud,
The Macys eat the pudding.

The Swains are swinish, clownish called,
The Barnards very civil,
The Starbucks, they are loud to bawl,
The Pinkhams beat the devil."

For a few short years the spirit of Utopia pervaded the island. In the beginning the land was held in common, being divided into twenty-seven parts, or shares. Each share was entitled to a certain portion of the land, to be used as the owner saw fit. Each share was subdivided into lesser parts, called "Cows' Commons," which gave the proprietor privilege to turn out as "many cows or other cattle, as he owns, of such parts in Common, or other stock in proportion of one horse or sixteen sheep to two Cows Commons, which stock fed on any part of the land that is not converted into a field. All the cows fed together in one herd, to the amount of about five hundred. All the sheep fed in one pasture, and each man knew his own by marks made in the ears, by cutting them in different forms. Every other year, twenty-five acres of corn were planted to the share, making a total of 675 acres for the twenty-seven

shares, all being in one field and producing 8,100 bushels. The alternating year the same field was sown with oats and rye, which produced nearly 9,000 bushels." That these ideal conditions might not have continued is much to be regretted, but even as the serpent entered Eden, so the spirit of envy and jealousy entered this little commune lying so far out at sea.

The history of society is the same the world over; even among the most ardent adherents to Socialism the clashing of strong wills, aggressive tendencies on the part of the leaders and the desire of the few to rule the many have been the causes of the breaking up of the most ideal communities. The same conditions prevailing in other parts of New England resulted in the separation of the tradesmen and cavaliers at an early date in American history. Had not the country been so wide, the war which occurred between the North and South might have been precipitated a full century before it finally did rend the nation to its center. The tradesman naturally had an eye to the commercial benefits to be derived from the easy access to brooks and ponds, while the more aristocratic cavalier sought the easier life of the landed proprietor. As there was little or no profit attached to the slave traffic, which made its appearance in American markets, owing to the rigors of New England climate and the dearth of occupation in consequence of its sterile soil, it was but natural that this particular form of commercialism should be allowed to pass into the hands of the more aristocratic cavalier, who had migrated to the southland and there enjoyed life to the full, surrounded by his vassals, riding to the hounds, neither toiling or spinning. Had not the world been wide, it is easy to surmise what the result would have been had these two classes been forced to occupy a small space. The tradesman would never have consented to the rule of the more aristocratic cavalier, while at the same time

the latter could never have admitted the control of his more democratic contemporary. It is not difficult, then, to understand why such men as Tristram Coffin and John Gardner should become opponents, one striving to supersede the other in authority in the island community. Both were men of great executive ability, yet they were of entirely different temperaments, and this was perhaps the primary cause for what is known as the "Nantucket Insurrection." Tristram Coffin, having been one of the first settlers and being a "born" leader, naturally took the initiative in matters of authority; and while the people submitted to this, still Coffin was not exceedingly popular, owing to his desire to rule and his overbearing manner to those whom he considered his inferiors in breeding and birth. He was an aristocrat in the strongest sense of the word, having descended from a family whose connection with the nobility of the Old World is well known by those interested in the genealogy of the Coffin family. After having held a most prominent place in the island affairs for at least ten years, it was not easy for Tristram Coffin to allow the reins of government to pass from him into the hands of a later settler, and one whom a Coffin would consider a social inferior, to say the least. While it cannot be said that John Gardner, who now threatened to supersede the Coffin supremacy, was an educated man, yet he was very popular with the people as a whole, although because of the intermarriages between Tristram's children and other island families, it is clear to the most casual observer that there must of necessity have been two factions in this highly interesting contest. In the life of Peter Folger the reader was made acquainted with all points of importance concerning the former settling in Nantucket and his influence with the Indians. Both he and John Gardner were very popular men, and it appears that they agreed on the main points of government, etc., which would tend to the good of the people. It must have

been trying to Coffin to realize the growing popularity of his opponent, and one can well imagine his chagrin when the "town granted Captain Gardner twenty acres," extending from his house to the cliff, and widened the road from his warehouse to the landing. In accordance with the laws of the island at that time, the people were to elect two men, one of whom should, with the sanction of the governor of New York, become chief magistrate. In the spring election of 1673 Richard Gardner and Edward Starbuck were elected, the former being selected by the governor to fill the office of magistrate, while at the same time John Gardner was named as chief military officer. Upon petition to the governor the Gardners were granted licenses to engage in fishing as a business, and authorized to secure such land along the shore as they might need from the Indians. From this date, 1674, on for a number of years, the conflict raged. To all the votes of the town that favored the Gardners or their adherents the Coffins entered their "decent." For instance: when, in the spring election of 1674, Peter Folger and John Gardner were selected to go to New York to consult the governor in regard to the town business, Tristram and his followers immediately "entered their decent." Again, when, in the fall of 1674, John Gardner was elected by the people for the purpose of going to New York to confer with the governor on important matters concerning "what may infringe the Liberties of the Chartar" the Coffin faction again vigorously "decented," seeming to be in fear lest Gardner should gain advantage by coming into such close relation with the governing powers. Another question that caused much discussion and resulted in serious dissention was the one relating to land ownership. The Gardner faction held that in the matter of voting all men should have equal voice, regardless of the amount of land they might possess; but the Coffin adherents claimed that the ones who owned whole shares should be

entitled to two votes, while one-half share men should be entitled to but one, and though two of Tristram's sons had never lived on the island, yet he claimed the right to vote on their shares. Now that the spirit of antagonism was abroad in the land, complaints were registered on all occasions, but owing to the larger number of people belonging to the Gardner side of the controversy, it left the governing power in the hands of the latter. One complaint that Coffin sent in to the governor stated that the affairs were disposed of "by tradesmen and seamen, who with some of the purchasers, being the major part of said Island, in persons, though not in property, have elected unto authority some of themselves, whereby they have presumed to dispose of our purchase, dividing it among one another, neither can we have any redress, they affirming that every card they play is an ace, and every ace a trump, and that we have no remedy in law." (Worth.)

Up to 1675 the Gardner party seems to have held the reins of government quite firmly in their hands, but as the two parties were of so nearly the same size, it took but one little change to throw the weight on the opposite side of the scale. Two of the Gardner party suddenly went over to the Coffin contingent—then there were lively times indeed. The latter's followers now came into power and ousted their opponents without delay, and gave them to understand, in no weak manner, that they were not expected to have any say whatsoever in the affairs of the state. Not satisfied with this, Coffin gratified his desire for revenge by having Peter Folger arrested and put in jail, without even allowing him to see the warrant on which his arrest was based. For a year and a half his incarceration continued, in a place "where never any Englishman was put, and where the neighbors hogs had layed but the night before, and in a bitter cold frost and deep snow; they had only thrown out most of the dirt, hogs dung and snow, the rest the Constable told me,

I might lie upon, if I would; that is, upon the boards in that case, and without victuals or fire. Indeed I persuaded him to fetch a little hay and he did so, and some friend did presently bring in some bedding and victuals." Taking into consideration that Folger was a man past sixty years of age at that time, it might seem that the punishment was far in excess of the crime, as the charge on which he was jailed was contempt of court. Worth, in "Nantucket Lands and Land Owners," says: "Whatever else may be said of the rule of John Gardner and his associates, it is a fact that they never imprisoned or disfranchised their enemies." The same cannot be said of the Coffin faction. Not being satisfied with persecuting Gardner and Folger, they entered suits against the friends and relatives of these their chief opponents—even the wives were not exempt. One example was Richard Gardner's wife, who openly criticized Coffin for causing the imprisonment of Peter Folger. She was convicted and the sentence passed upon her was that "she should be reprov'd and admonish'd to have care for the future, of evil words, tending to defaming his Majesty's Court." For two years the Coffin adherents held matters with a high hand, when suddenly they were made to realize that they had overstepped the limit of human endurance. On the petition of John Gardner and Peter Folger, Governor Andros ordered that the fines and disfranchisement proceedings were "null and void." Now the Gardners were in the ascendancy, and so the war was waged until the year 1680, when Gardner specially befriended Coffin in a matter which might have proven serious for the latter had not the clemency of the governor been sought by Gardner, who was agent of Governor Andros. A French ship laden with hides was wrecked off Nantucket in 1678. At that time Tristram Coffin was chief magistrate and his agent took "charge of the wreck and sold the property." The governor receiving no report of the case, sent his commissioners

to make inquiries, and they ordered Coffin to pay the state a certain amount, after having allowed him a certain commission for his work. Here Coffin entered his last dissent. Through Gardner's influence the governor's claim was greatly reduced and thus peace was restored between the belligerents. The feud seems to have terminated in a pretty romance, the culmination of which was the marriage of Jethro Coffin, the grandson of Tristram, and Mary, the daughter of John Gardner. Tristram Coffin passed away in 1681, and within a few short years the other principals in this famous contest followed him.

As a closing tribute to these sturdy settlers the words of George Lunt, in "Three Eras of New England," seem especially fitting:

"For my own part, I care little for the imperfections of such men. It is superfluous to defend the founders of New England. A vain and thankless task is his, who attempts to underestimate their virtues, or to detract from the majestic proportions of the gray fathers of the people. Their personal faults passed with them to the grave, their just principles and noble actions survived, and blossomed into a living harvest of sacred and immortal memory."

CHAPTER IV

The Age of the "Inner Light"



OMEONE has tritely said "Beware of the man with one idea," Ridpath's assertion that "Nothing is so dangerous to a stupid conservatism as an idea" to the contrary notwithstanding. It has ever been the man who has had faith in the "one far-off divine event" and the courage of his convictions; he is the power that has been felt throughout the world.

One has but to turn to the pages of history on which are written the names of those few earnest men who brought about the great era known as the Reformation. From the beginning of human speculation, no subject has been the cause of such a diversity of opinions as that of religion. In the doctrines of the Philosoph-theologians of the Middle Ages are to be found great gaps, diversities and inconsistencies of logic, but Christian faith, more or less properly understood and interpreted, was always to be found at the bottom of their disputes. After all, it is not the philosophical side of religion that appeals to the masses, but rather the emotional attributes it may be said to possess; for the unsatisfied soul of man is ever seeking a panacea for spiritual ills, and so long as these speculative tendencies exist in the human mind, so long will new creeds and doctrines present themselves. Each age has produced a man of power along these lines. The fifteenth century brought forth Erasmus, the scholar, whose idea of reform was through education. But he was not in harmony with the age in which he lived, as his doctrine could only appeal to the intellect, while the general tendencies of the times were toward coarseness and brutality. Erasmus was the

direct antipodes to anything of the sort; and although his efforts at reform were a flat failure, yet he remained true to his convictions, despite the fact that he was subject to scorn and abuse. Directly following Erasmus came Luther and Melancthon, the result of whose aggressiveness is known to all the religious world. The sixteenth century brought out the teachings of Calvin, who was by nature a gloomy, dolorous character. His theology partook of his pessimistic qualities and, strange as it may appear, the doctrine took a firm hold on the people. Indeed, it was a brave man who dared contradict or refuse to accept this doctrine of predestination. It has been said that "no such religious rigors had ever been witnessed in the world as those which prevailed where the Calvinistic doctrines flourished." Although brought about by burnings at the stake and the inflictions of cruelties on those who dared refuse these different ideas, the Reformation did much toward liberating man from ecclesiastical bondage; but to quote Ridpath, "The New Church in Germany was a great improvement on Romanism; but in England it would have required a microscope to discover even the premonitory symptoms of a true reform." Paradoxical as it may seem, the religion of Jesus Christ, the foundation of which is peace and love, has ever been the cause of dissension and strife, even to the point of bloodshed and inhuman cruelty. Each new sect has been so certain of having discovered the keynote to right living that it has sought to enforce its precepts, even at the point of the sword, if necessary. The Church of England, through its arrant bigotry, caused the Puritans to leave all that was dear to them by birth and tradition, preferring the uncertain fate awaiting them on the uncharted seas and the unexplored country beyond, to the unceasing vigilance and unreasonable demands of the Anglican Church; as soon, however, as the Pilgrims and Puritans became any sort of power in the New World,

they proceeded to lay down the law to all comers. Chief among the later arrivals to fall under a ban were the Quakers, or Friends. This sect was founded by George Fox, the son of a Leicestershire weaver, who was said to have descended from "the stock of martyrs." He, in early life, "fell under conviction" and studied much on the nature and destiny of man. He sought solitude and there he was given the light for which he sought. He was convinced that in each man exists the great "Inner Light," which is in reality the Divine Spirit with which mankind is endowed. Right at this time was discovered the later doctrine of New Thought, the going into "the Silence" to attain spiritual power and to develop the Christ spirit, which is the divine inheritance of mankind. Fox was fiercely opposed by the Church of England and the Calvinists and was punished severely, being set in stocks and cruelly beaten, besides being put in prison. His doctrine spread, nevertheless, and he gained many adherents, among the peasant class more especially, as his doctrine did not recognize social distinctions, all men being free and equal, each one being allowed to preach if the spirit so moved him. The dress was simple and plain and well within the means of the poorest. Women were given the right to speak in public and altogether this seemed to be an ideal sect with which to affiliate. Imagine the dismay of the Puritans on hearing of the arrival of Fox into this land of religious liberty (?), to which he came seeking a refuge for his followers. New England was strictly opposed to him and his doctrines, while in the Southern colonies the English Church was of sufficient strength to successfully frustrate his plans. As a slight digression, it is interesting to note the following rigid laws of Puritan New England at this time: "No food or lodging could be given a Quaker, Adamite or other heretic. No one was allowed to run on the Sabbath-day or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except

reverently to and from meeting. No one could sweep, cook, travel, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath-day. No woman should kiss her husband or children either on Fast-day or Sunday. No one could read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saint's days, make mince pies, dance, play cards or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet or jews-harp. The magistrates only should join in marriage as they might do it with less scandal to Christ's Church."

Regardless of the reception tendered George Fox, others of his sect began to arrive in America. In 1656 Ann Austin and Mary Fisher came to Boston. Great was the consternation caused by their appearance. The most malignant scourge would have received less notice. The women were searched for signs of witchcraft, their trunks ruthlessly broken, while the books found in their possession were burned and the offenders themselves ignominiously sent to prison, where they were confined several weeks, when they were liberated and driven from the colony. Disregarding the treatment accorded these venturesome evangelists, others followed, only to be whipped and banished, and threatened with death should they return. In fact, the death penalty was visited upon some of "the fanatical disturbers of the peace." In 1659 four persons, one of whom was a woman, were tried, condemned and hanged, the judges having no compassion even on the latter.

The first record given of the Quakers visiting Nantucket is that of Thomas Chalkley, who came to the island from England in 1698, and was followed in 1704 by Thomas Story, who also was an English Quaker. Both of these men held "meetings" and received favorable attention from the people in general, although in the early history of the island one can read where some of the men high in authority were much opposed to allowing the Quakers to settle there. There is no record, however, of the opposition reaching the point of punishment in any way. Through

the preaching of Story, Nathaniel Starbuck and his wife, Mary, became converts to the church in 1704 and they in turn became ministers. Very fortunate, indeed, it was for the new sect to have won the favor of Mary Starbuck. She was a woman of so much influence in public affairs that much of the success of the early church was due to her untiring energy and zeal. The first monthly "meeting" was established in 1708 and to this "meeting" came earnest ministers and visitors from the larger cities on the mainland. In 1730 a meetinghouse was erected at the corner of Main and Saratoga streets. So rapidly did the "meeting" increase in numbers that by 1792 a second meetinghouse was erected and the congregation divided between the two houses. In 1794 more than one-half the total population of the island were members of the Friends' church. But now the tide had reached its height and secure in their belief that theirs was the only true religion, they became rigid in their discipline and despotic in their rulings. It seemed to them as though they were the favored and only ones who were possessed of the wonderful "Inner Light," those not conforming to the rules of this particular sect being forever denied the possibility of attainment. One is here reminded of the story of the man who, having attended evangelistic services and becoming convicted of his sins, knelt down under a bridge where he was at work and prayed for forgiveness and light. His prayer being answered, he never could be convinced that anyone could receive pardon in any other place or under any different circumstances. So it was with the Friends—if anyone allowed himself to even think along different lines, he must of necessity be a heretic. Some of them lived lives of visionaries, and one instance in particular is worthy of note: One Joseph Hoag, although not a native of Nantucket, was known as a traveling Friend. He was singularly spiritual and possessed of a sweetly persuasive manner.

He made many converts to the Friends' religion in all parts of the country. He was born in New York State in 1762, moving to Vermont later. He was very much attached to the Nantucket people, with whom he spent much of his time. His vision, of which he wrote in his latter years, is interesting and surprising. At the time it was considered simply the effect of abnormal conditions of the brain, but in later times, owing to the fulfillment of a number of the prophecies, it has been looked on as partaking of the supernatural.

"In the year 1803, probably in the eighth month, I was one day in the field and observed the sun shone clear, but a mist suddenly eclipsed the brightness of its shining. As I reflected on the singularity of the event my mind was clothed with silence the most solemn that I remember to have ever witnessed, for all my faculties were laid low and unusually brought into silence. I said to myself, 'What can all this mean?' I don't remember ever to have been sensible of such feelings, and I heard a voice from Heaven saying: 'This that thou seest, that dims the brightness of the sun, is a sign of the present and future times. I took the fathers of this country from a land of oppression, I planted them here among the forests, I blessed and sustained them, and while they were humble I fed them, and they became a numerous people. But they have become proud and lifted up and forgot me who nourished and protected them in the wilderness and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old country was guilty, and have taken quietude from the land and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them. Lift up thine eyes and behold.' I saw them dividing in great heat. This division in the churches was a point of doctrine. It commenced in the Presbyterian Society and went through the various religious denominations and in its progress and close its effects were nearly the same; those who dissented went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept their original sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when the dividing spirit entered the society of Friends it raged in as high a degree as any I had before discovered; and as before, those who separated went with lofty looks and taunting, censuring language; those who kept to their ancient principles retired by themselves. It then appeared in the lodges of the Free-masons and set the country in an uproar for a length of time. Then it entered politics

throughout the United States and it did not stop until it produced a civil war, and an abundance of blood was shed in the course of the contest. The Southern states lost their power and slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then a monarchical government arose and established a national religion and made all societies tributary to its support. I saw them take property from the Friends to a large amount. I was amazed at all this and I heard a voice proclaim 'This power shall not always stand, but with this power will I chastise my churches until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Thou seest what is coming upon the land for their iniquities and for the blood of Africa, the remembrance of which has come up before me. This vision is yet for many days.'

I had no intention of writing it for many years, until it became such a burden to me that, for my own relief, I have so written.

JOSEPH HOAG."

Someone has said that "there must be a soul before there can be a body; and on the other hand, a soul without a body is not adapted to life in this world." So with the Quakers, their creed of the "Inner Light" is most satisfying to the spiritual side; but this world is far from perfect yet, and while it may sound well to preach the doctrine of allowing both cheeks to be smitten, still it is not altogether within the control of man to allow this state of affairs. It is more natural for even the Quaker to say, "Friend, thee is standing just where I am going to shoot."

In Nantucket, after 1800, the Friends began their decline. One cause was the number of emigrations which took place early in the nineteenth century. The War of 1812 caused the Nantucket Quakers to lose much of their property and while the tenets of the church held for social equality and a desire for little of this world's goods, yet there were some very wealthy people in that church.

About this time the Methodists formed a society on the island and through their zeal and inspiring services attracted many of the younger members of the Friends' organization. Then, too, the extreme rigidity of discipline did much to hasten the end. They were not discriminating in their

judgments, disowning their members outright, regardless of the gravity or simplicity of the offense. For instance: One person "went to sea in an armed vessel"; another "was disowned for deviating from our principles of dress and address, persisting in wearing buckles and refusing to say 'thee' and 'thou.'" Still another "kept company with a man not in membership with us and attended a place where there was music and dancing." One was disowned for having attended a marriage performed by a minister. One other had "married a woman not a member."

Another cause for the decline of the Quaker church was the division that now came in that body. What is known as the Hicksite movement made itself known about 1830. Elias Hicks, having been long in the ministry, was charged with heresy. He was a farmer on Long Island, but was a powerful orator. He denied the charges presented against him, but his followers established a separate church and, owing to a less rigid discipline, it soon gained in numbers, thus depleting the already failing numbers of the more orthodox "meeting." After this quickly followed other divisions and subdivisions, among them the Gurney division and later the Wilberite division, a more lengthy discussion of which may be found in the pamphlet entitled "Quakerism on Nantucket since 1800," by H. B. Worth. It is a curious fact that in a place where at one time there were several thousand members, there is not one remaining at the present time. Eunice Paddock, who died in 1900, was the last member of the Quaker society in Nantucket.

This simple religious sect carried out their idea of simplicity and distaste for form and ceremony even to the grave. In a field destitute of any sign of its precious freight lie the bodies of ten thousand Quakers. A broken fence surrounds a windswept sandy piece of moorland. Here no monument arises in majestic dignity, rehearsing the goodly qualities of the dust beneath, no flowers planted



CLOTH WEAVING: TWO CENTURIES AGO



by loving hands ornament the graves of this once influential people. Only the wild grass and weeds, among which trail the thorny vines of wild blackberries, which cling to the passerby as if to bid him speculate upon the end of all. A great deal of adverse criticism has been passed on the relatives and friends of the ones who lie buried here, because they have not had the grounds beautified and monuments erected, and while all will agree that much can be done to make the grounds attractive, still it seems only in keeping with the tenets of the faith of this people that everything be kept as simple as possible, realizing that "There are memories greater than these, embalmed in History; their graves unknown; while sooner or later, time's ruthless hand doth seize the perishable stone."

None believed more firmly in the transient honor bestowed upon mortals by their own kind than these people who lived so near to the heart of things. They truly felt, no doubt, "That builded tombs and all the strong desire to be remembered after death is vain," and that "A transient name on the stone, a transient love in the heart, we have our day and are gone."

In one corner of this cemetery one can see a few plain white markers which adorn the graves of the Hicksite members, who were more given to the frivolities and fashions of the world's people.

Compare the strict simplicity and dignity of the cemetery, minus monument and epitaph, with the more ornate decorations in other burial places and the almost ludicrous inscriptions, which would call forth a smile, were it not for the apparent sincerity exhibited by the bereaved ones. The following are taken from the old South Cemetery, one of the oldest in Nantucket:

"Stop, kind reader, and shed a tear,
O'er the dust that slumbers here;
And when you read the fate of me,
Think on the glass that runs for three."

"Stop, my friends, as you pass by;
As you am now so once was I;
As I am now, so must you be;
Prepare for death and follow me.
Follow me and be you wise,
And up to Heaven you will arise."

"However dear she was not laid here;
Some private grief was her disease;
Laid to the north her friends to please."

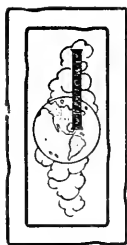
"Mother, thee is not forgotten."

In bringing this chapter to a close, in justice to the Quakers be it said that the reason for their swift decline was that they were a people who lived several generations too far removed from the millennium. In the dim and distant future, when the ultimate perfection of man shall have been attained, then, and not till then, will it be possible to live guided alone by the "Inner Light." Till then each must live up to his highest convictions, keeping in mind that,

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth;
Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own."

CHAPTER V

"The Hand that Rules the World"



N nearly all the crises of the world's history woman has in reality been the "power behind the throne." The pages of ancient, medieval and modern history glow with the achievements of valorous men, but little space is given to the influence exerted by the mothers, wives and sisters of these same characters, made famous, alike, in story and song. To be sure, the pulses are quickened by reading of the sacrifices of Antigone, one of the most pathetic of early Greek tradition; fascinating in the extreme is the history of the ambitious and voluptuous Cleopatra, of whom it has been said, "If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed." Familiar enough to the modern student are the names of Aspasia, from whom Pericles got most of his ideas; Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, to whom, rather than the Gracchi themselves, the Roman reforms were due. The rape of Lucrece, followed by her noble confession and pathetic expiation, resulted in the expulsion of Tarquin and marked the beginning of a brilliant era in Roman history. Alfred the Great attributed his love of learning and goodness of character to his mother's influence. In later history are to be found the names of Isabella of Spain, to whom the discovery of America is really due; Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, and Catherine de'Medici. In that terrible revolution, when the streets of Paris flowed with blood, none played a more important part in that human tragedy than Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland. In our own country's crises women have occupied no minor position. In the American

Revolution women took a very prominent part, oftentimes with breaking hearts, laying their sacrifices on their country's altar, that not only the people of that particular generation, but that all who should follow after, for all time to come, might have the privilege of religious and civil liberty. Again, when the Union stood in danger of disintegration, who was it that felt the hardest shock of the war? Was it the men who went away, in many instances, with smiling faces, looking on the war as a wild frolic of a few weeks' duration? Not by any means. It was the wives and mothers, who had the families to care for, left alone to bear the responsibilities of rearing the boys left in their charge, while often such poverty threatened that the mother was forced to be bread-winner as well as home-keeper. Still, through all those days of storm and stress, bravely and without a murmur, woman stood with her shoulder to the wheel, regardless of reward other than the realization that it was done for God, and home, and native land. It is not given to every woman, the rearing of warriors. All women cannot be Damainetas crying aloud to Sparta, "I bore these children for thy sake," but no grander truism was ever uttered than this: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." In no place is woman's influence felt more vividly than in the home. It is not an influence that ceases at the doorway, but one that follows the boy after he has left the home nest and gone to take his place among men, to conquer, or be conquered, in the battle of life. It is the memory of the prayer, lisped at mother's knee, while her hand rested in benediction on his tangled curls; it is the memory of mother's songs, hummed softly in the twilight; her words of earnest entreaty, which serve to keep him unspotted from the world; it is the memory of that last embrace and touch of lips, as mother gently sends him from her, realizing that the family circle, which heretofore has not been broken, will

never be complete again. It is the memory of these things that helps him keep faith with virtuous womanhood.

In the production of famous women, Nantucket stands second to none. In the front ranks it is only right that the name of Abiah Folger should be placed. In the year 1667, on the fifteenth day of August, there was born to Peter and Mary Folger a daughter, who was destined, in the course of her life, to become the mother of America's foremost philosopher, inventor and diplomat, Benjamin Franklin. It seems as if the divine purpose had decreed that this unique honor should fall to one of the women of this seagirt isle. Although denied the distinction of being the birthplace of the man himself, it remained for the mother to claim the privilege of having here first seen the light of day, far from the strife and confusion of the great world. Like other of Nantucket's women, Abiah suckled and cared for her own children, while at the same time she gathered to her motherly heart the seven motherless bairns of Josiah Franklin, the man she chose for her life's partner. It is a regrettable fact that very little concerning her life is left on record. That she lived to a good old age and had the privilege of seeing her son become famous is about all that is known. Of this we are assured, however, that much of his sturdy character and his eventual success in life Franklin attributed to his mother's influence. A memorial tablet and drinking fountain, placed there by the Abiah Folger Chapter of the D. A. R., marks the site of the old homestead, long ago burned down. As one drives by this windswept piece of undulating moorland, the lines from Swinburne's "For-saken Garden" present themselves to the mind:

"Over the meadows that blossom and wither,
Rings but the note of a seabird's song.
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sear, and the rain dishevels
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
 Only the wind here hovers and revels
 In a round where life seems barren as death.
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping.
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
 Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
 Years ago.

* * * * *

Here death may deal not again forever;
 Here change may come not till all change end.
 From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
 Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.
 Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing.
 While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
 Till a last wind's breath, upon all these blowing,
 Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise, and the sheer cliff crumble,
 Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
 Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
 The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
 Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
 Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
 As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
 Death lies dead."

Another name belonging in the galaxy of famous women is that of Mary Starbuck. While not of Nantucket birth, yet so closely was she identified with all concerning this island of her adoption that she can be easily classified as one of its truly great characters. She was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, February 2, 1645, and was the seventh child of Tristram and Dionis Coffin. She was married, at the early age of seventeen, to Nathaniel, son of Edward and Catherine Starbuck. There were ten children born of this union, the eldest, Mary, having the distinction of being the first white child born on the island of Nantucket. The subject of this sketch was a woman of rare intellect and strong

character, taking an active part in all affairs of moment. Being an eloquent speaker, her words were listened to with the most profound respect. She was consulted on all matters of public importance and, because of her keen insight, was acknowledged a great power. Her husband, Nathaniel, was a man of no mean ability, but he always gave his wife the preference, thus seeming to acknowledge her to be his superior. So free from conceit was she, however, that in her debates she gave her husband credit of thinking "so and so." While she expressed herself with great force, her address was elegant and refined. She was said to have been baptized by Peter Folger, and while not ardently religious during her younger days, at the age of fifty-six she became a convert to the Quaker faith and became a noted speaker and exhorter. It was at her house that the first Friends' Meeting was organized, and it met there for four years. In spite of all her activities and enthusiasm for outside affairs, she was noted for her domestic economy and perfect control and discharge of her household duties. She lived her allotted time, dying September 13, 1717.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Another noted descendant of the first Tristram Coffin was Lucretia Mott. She was born in Nantucket the third of January, 1793, and was the daughter of Thomas and Anna (Folger) Coffin, thus being a descendant of Peter Folger on the maternal side. The Motts removed to Philadelphia when Lucretia was eleven years old, and it was there she was educated. In 1811 she was married to James Mott, and to this particularly happy union were born six children, five of whom lived to maturity, proving themselves to be a great credit to the influence of their gifted mother. Mrs. Mott was unquestionably the brightest woman of her time, being indeed far in advance of her

generation. She early discovered the secret of entering into "the Silence," thus gaining spiritual strength and rare inspiration. As a speaker she had no superiors. She was a philanthropist, preacher, abolitionist, woman's suffragist, and in fact took up all questions of importance then extant. When the question of equal rights presented itself, she placed her convictions even above religious tenets and dared, as only great natures do, to disobey the edict of the Quaker sect, to which she belonged, prohibiting the mingling with what were known as the "world's people." In 1827 she became interested in the broader views held forth by the Hicksite branch of the Friends' church, becoming one of its most ardent supporters and earnest ministers. In 1833 she assisted in forming the original antislavery society of the United States, which declared the eternal rights of all men. In June, 1840, Mrs. Mott went as a delegate to the World's Antislavery Convention, held in London, and it was the treatment she received at this time that impelled her to become a woman suffragist. While she was sent as a representative, yet she could not sit in the same council chamber with the male contingent, and was in other ways made to feel that, simply because she was a woman, she could not cross the impassible gulf which was fixed between the sexes. In 1848 she went to Seneca Falls, New York, as a delegate to the first suffragist convention in America, and it was here that it became manifest that this woman, whose eloquence held her vast audiences spellbound, was of a superior mould. Her preaching concerning slavery was ever put into practice, making her attitude consistent and giving potency to her doctrine of equal rights to all men. She took this attitude at a time when to be known as an abolitionist was to court personal injury, if not death; but it has been said of her that her tact and perfectly fearless bearing had much to do with her success as a speaker and often saved her from violence.

She was as sweetly serene in the midst of a howling mob, the target for stale eggs and brickbats, as when in her own home, attending simple household duties. Her name was revered by the colored people, for whom she labored with such untiring zeal, and many children of lowly negro parents were given the name of their friend and benefactress, Lucretia Mott; and it may be stated here that not only the children of this outcast and downtrodden race were the recipients of this honored name, but families of high degree displayed their affection for this noble woman by bestowing her name upon their firstborn, one example being that of Lord and Lady Amberly, who christened their daughter Lucretia Mott Amberly. Mrs. Mott proved very conclusively that although a woman may be the mother of a large family, she yet may have time for self-culture and usefulness to the world at large. With a family of six children, and without the assistance of nurse or maid, Mrs. Mott never allowed anything to interfere with her reading. She found time to do this by omitting many unnecessary stitches and garniture in the family sewing. She often said that the ladies' department of periodicals of the day had no charm for her, yet she was always well dressed and neat, beyond criticism. Her most marked characteristic was her entire freedom from personal littleness. She was the embodiment of human perfection. Upon entering the room where she might be sitting, one could not but feel that he was coming close to the Presence. Her keenest sorrow came to her after fifty-seven years of married life, when her husband, to whom she was devoted, passed away from earth. Theirs had been a singularly happy union, owing to a marked congeniality of tastes. After twelve years of waiting, Mrs. Mott laid down her work and stepped over the line, painlessly and peacefully, surrounded by her devoted children, November 11, 1880. The public journals vied with each other in singing her

praises and heaping a tribute of honor on the name of this truly great American woman. "Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

One of the most ardent antislavery apostles was Anna Gardner, who was born at Nantucket, January 25, 1816. Her parents were Oliver and Hannah (Macy) Gardner. At a very early age she became interested in the antislavery movement, and it was through her influence that a convention was called in Nantucket, at which Frederick Douglass made his *début* as a public speaker. At one time there was much feeling among the people of the island on the question of the negroes being allowed to attend the same school as the white children. After much agitation it was decided that, for the good of all concerned, it would be best to remove the offending obstacle. On hearing the decision, Anna Gardner immediately opened a school for the colored children and taught them until after the Civil War, when she became a teacher among the freedmen of North and South Carolina and Virginia. She was a most enthusiastic supporter of woman's suffrage, and in fact interested herself in all reforms. She was a sincere admirer of Frederick Douglass, assisting at a reception tendered him and his wife on one of their visits to the island. Miss Gardner was a writer of marked ability, her writings of both poetry and prose being widely read. A volume of her poems was published in 1881. Her name is mentioned with great reverence by all those in Nantucket who still remember her. Death came to her at her home, February 18, 1901.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

As a woman famous in business enterprise and possessed of more than ordinary ability, the name of Miriam Coffin

must ever find a place in the history of Nantucket. Miriam, or Keziah, was the daughter of Daniel and Abigail Folger, and was born October 9, 1723. She married John Coffin, and was the owner of a fine house in town, as well as a country place in Quaise, where it is said smuggling was carried on extensively, Miriam being arrested and tried at Watertown on that charge. It has also been said of her that she owned so many ships in the merchants' service that she was known in every sea. She was accused, on very good authority, of giving aid to the British during the Revolutionary War. Her death was caused by falling downstairs, which accident occurred March 29, 1790. Colonel Hart immortalized her by making her the heroine of his novel (which, by the way, is credited with being the only real Nantucket novel ever written), "Miriam Coffin, or The Whale Fishermen."

"She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night."

As a preface to the life of another of Nantucket's famous women, it is but right and just that the mother, whose influence had much to do in the forming of that character which must ever stand at the top of the list of the truly great, should be given honorable mention, at least. The name of Lydia Coleman Mitchell should ever be linked with that of her famous daughter, Maria Mitchell. In the year 1813 Lydia Coleman was united in marriage with William Mitchell, and began her married life on a small farm, which her husband tended in summer, while the winters he devoted to teaching school, it is said at a salary of two dollars a week. It can only be surmised that the young couple must have often been in want of the necessities of life, although, soon after the first child was born, there seems to have been a revival in business affairs which so changed the aspect of their lives that greater

prosperity came and they were able to live in comfort. Of this union there were ten children, and one need not stretch his imagination to realize what that meant, in those days of storm and stress. It is said that Mrs. Mitchell was possessed of great strength of character, and while she was of an affectionate temperament, yet she held herself in such perfect poise that she was wholly undemonstrative. With rare intuition she understood her children's capabilities, and firmly, though gently guided them into channels where each could make the most of the talents with which he or she was endowed. From this environment came a sturdy, self-reliant family, and while Maria Mitchell must always shine as the bright particular star, yet the other members have been only slightly lesser lights in the firmament of intellectual achievement. The subject of this sketch, Maria Mitchell, was the third child in the family of ten, being born August 1, 1818. She descended on the mother's side from Peter Folger, of early Nantucket fame. Though the Mitchell family was poor, as one counts worldly possessions, yet the home was one of a high order of culture; and though, owing to the fact that the parents were Quakers, the children were prohibited from many worldly amusements which they might have enjoyed, yet the home life was ideal. All were readers, and such excellent care was taken of the schoolbooks that one copy was said to have descended from one member of the family to another till seven names were recorded on the flyleaf. In early life, Maria did not give great promise as a scholar, being of a timid, retiring nature; but once under her father's tuition, she made rapid progress, especially along mathematical and scientific lines. Just across the street from the Mitchell homestead on Vestal Street stands a small building which still bears close resemblance to a school-house. It was here that William Mitchell, having given up farming, taught school, six hours a day, five days a week,

eleven months a year, and yet there were no complaints of nervous strain or breakdown among the pupils. It was in this school that young Maria's mind found its natural bent, and expanded rapidly under her father's careful direction. Becoming her father's assistant in making astronomical observations, she, at the early age of twelve years, began showing a decided taste for that science, and so rapidly did she develop in the study of mathematics that she soon became aware that there was no school in the United States that could teach her the higher branches of that study. In the old Vestal Street home is a room which is called Maria's study. It is no larger than a clothes closet and furnished with a rude desk, about the size of a moulding-board. In this quiet retreat her rare genius developed and it was here her most profound computations and calculations were made. As one approaches this particular spot, it seems as though he must needs remove his shoes, in realization of standing on holy ground. At the age of sixteen Maria began teaching a private school, which position she soon abandoned for the more congenial occupation of librarian at the Atheneum, where she remained for nearly twenty years, satisfying in a measure her desire for reading and study. Perhaps in no way was her influence more marked than in her censorship of the reading public. Being an avid reader, she quickly scanned the books in her charge, and if in her rare discrimination she discovered one which she considered at all pernicious to the morals, she quietly removed the offending volume and it was seen no more. Always having had a keen desire to travel in the Old World, she grasped the first opportunity that offered, and made the trip which proved an ovation from beginning to end. Her reputation of being a scientist and astronomer having preceded her, she was welcomed into the most exclusive circles, being entertained by Herschel and other astronomers, becoming a warm friend of the Hawthorne's, and

others of a high degree of culture. On the opening of Vassar College she was elected to the chair of Mathematical Astronomy, taking charge of the entire observatory and remaining there the remainder of her life. It is not probable that any other woman has had the marked distinction accorded her as has this daughter of the seagirt isle. In 1847 she discovered the comet which is her namesake, and for which feat she won a gold medal offered by the King of Denmark. She was the first woman elected to the Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston; was also a member of the American Philosophical Society, of which Benjamin Franklin was the founder. She became a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, being among the first to enter, and did so at the solicitation of the society. She was one of the earliest advocates of the advancement of women, becoming a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Women soon after its organization. She was a member of the New England Women's Club of Boston, and also of the Sorosis Club of New York City. As early as 1832 she received her first degree of LL.D., Hanover College being the donor. In 1870 Rutgers Female College bestowed the degree of Ph.D., while Columbia College awarded her the last degree of LL.D. in 1887. In personal appearance Miss Mitchell was not extremely attractive, as she had not the least degree of vanity and cared very little for personal adornment. This is proven by her remarks on the subject of the needle. She thought the needle "the chain of woman, which fettered her more than the laws of the country." She further stated, that if sewing served any purpose other than the gratification of woman's vanity, it might be more commendable, but she held that cultivation of the mind should stand ahead of sewing, as studies could engross as the needle never could. She was singu-

larly proud of being a woman, holding that there could be no higher destiny for a mortal. She placed a high value on the love her own sex bestowed upon her, feeling that it was sincere and needed no flattery in order to retain it. She was fond of nature and walked out every day, regardless of the weather, until, after her removal to Lynn, she received a fall which prevented her ever walking, as recreation again. She was quick at repartee and was a rare good story-teller. Although reared under the influence of the Quaker faith, her eager mind refused to be bound down by the narrow conventions enforced by that sect in the early days, and while she was never dogmatic in her creed, yet she conformed to the Unitarian faith during her later years. She was a writer of more than ordinary ability, but the few articles she submitted to the publishers were written at their personal solicitation. Her soul was in her college work, and she would not allow anything to interfere with it in any way, and was eager to continue until her seventieth year; but this wish was denied her, by only six months, however, death coming to her June 28, 1889. Her remains were brought back to the island for which she always retained a sincere affection, and there, at the foot of a small hillock in Prospect Cemetery, the lot enclosed by a low iron fence, a modest tablet of stone announces to the passerby that the earthly remains of this talented daughter of the isle lie in this secluded spot. Briefly summing up her life, it may well be said of Maria Mitchell that she was never false in her thoughts or speech. Every note in her character rang true, and to this genuine sincerity of living her success and influence were due. As a closing tribute, no more fitting words can be found than these:

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

To bring this chapter to a close, it would be unjust, indeed, to allow the reader to infer that the few names given special mention constitute the entire list of famous women of whom Nantucket can truly boast. The women of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were possessed of no ordinary ability. The wives of Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Edward Starbuck, William Bunker, William Worth, and other early settlers, were women of strong characters, whose influence was as deeply felt and of as great a value as that of their sturdy husbands. While Peter Folger's wife, Mary Morrell, was only a servant in the family of Hugh Peters, from whom Folger bought her time for the sum of £20, yet her husband often declared that it was the grandest bargain he ever struck and the best appropriation of money he had ever made. Sarah, the wife of Nathaniel Wyer, was famous as physician and nurse; in fact, the majority of the island women were able attendants on the sick and dying.

The wives and daughters of some of the settlers were possessed of great physical strength and endurance, in illustration whereof the following story is apropos: The young wife of William Bunker, having finished her household duties, started out on foot to visit a friend a distance away. She called at one of her neighbors, asked her to accompany her, and the two stopped in town, where they persuaded another woman to join them. The three now walked to their destination, spent the day, and returned to their homes on foot the same evening, making the distance traveled by Mrs. Bunker not less than twenty-two miles.

The Chase family was possessed of great physical strength. A story is told of one of the women of this family going to a store for flour and, in spite of the vigorous protests from the proprietor, she lifted a barrel full of the required article and walked out with it, seemingly without effort. One of the sisters moved to New York City, and

a certain drayman persisted in running his dray against the corner of her house. She spoke to him of the matter and asked him to desist. Unfortunately for him he continued his annoying practice, until so exasperated did Miss Chase become that one day she rushed out of her house, took hold of the wagon and turned it upside down in the middle of the street.

Another anecdote, which illustrates not only the physical prowess but the personal bravery of the women of the Revolutionary times, runs as follows: At one time a number of refugees were staying on the island, and their sentinels were posted around in such a manner that it was difficult for the inhabitants to procure water. At last one young woman concluded to make the venture at all hazards, in spite of the fact that her father told her "Thee had better not. Thee will only get a bayonet in thee." Her reply was that she would as lief die one way as another, and taking up two pails, started on her mission. On passing one of the corners a sentry attempted to stop her progress by presenting his bayonet. Hurling a pail straight into his face, she struck him senseless to the ground, continued on her way, procured the water, and returned home in safety.

One might relate anecdotes innumerable, but these few must suffice; yet in justice to the present generation it must be said, that the spirit of their noted ancestors has by no means departed, and that should occasion arise, the women of to-day would not be found wanting in any of the attributes which go to the making of famous women.

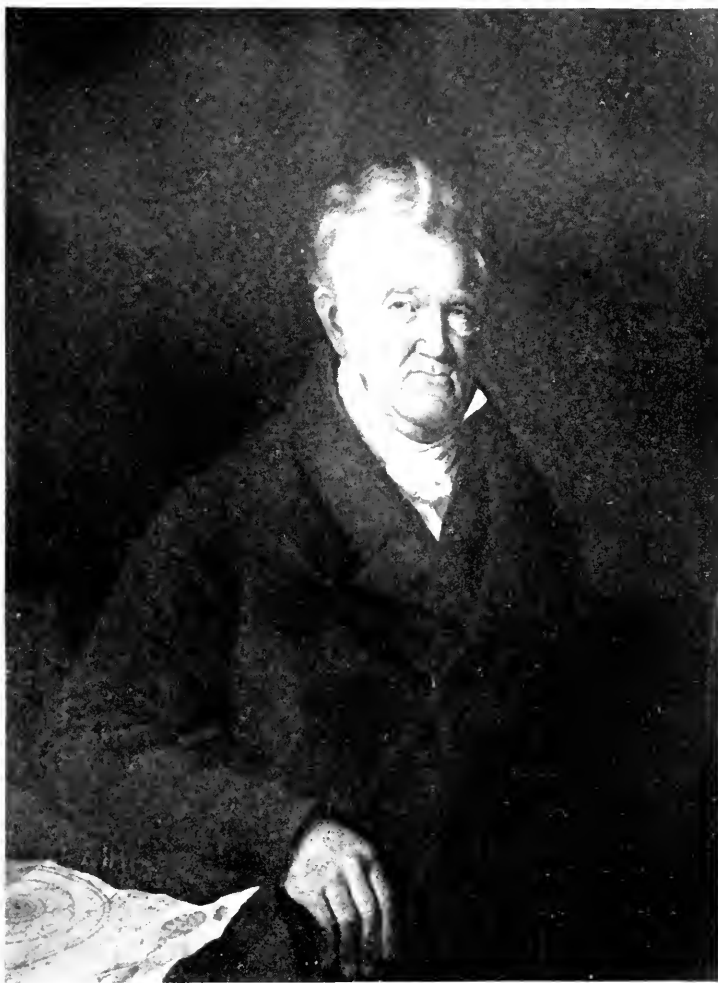
CHAPTER VI

Gentlemen of the Old School

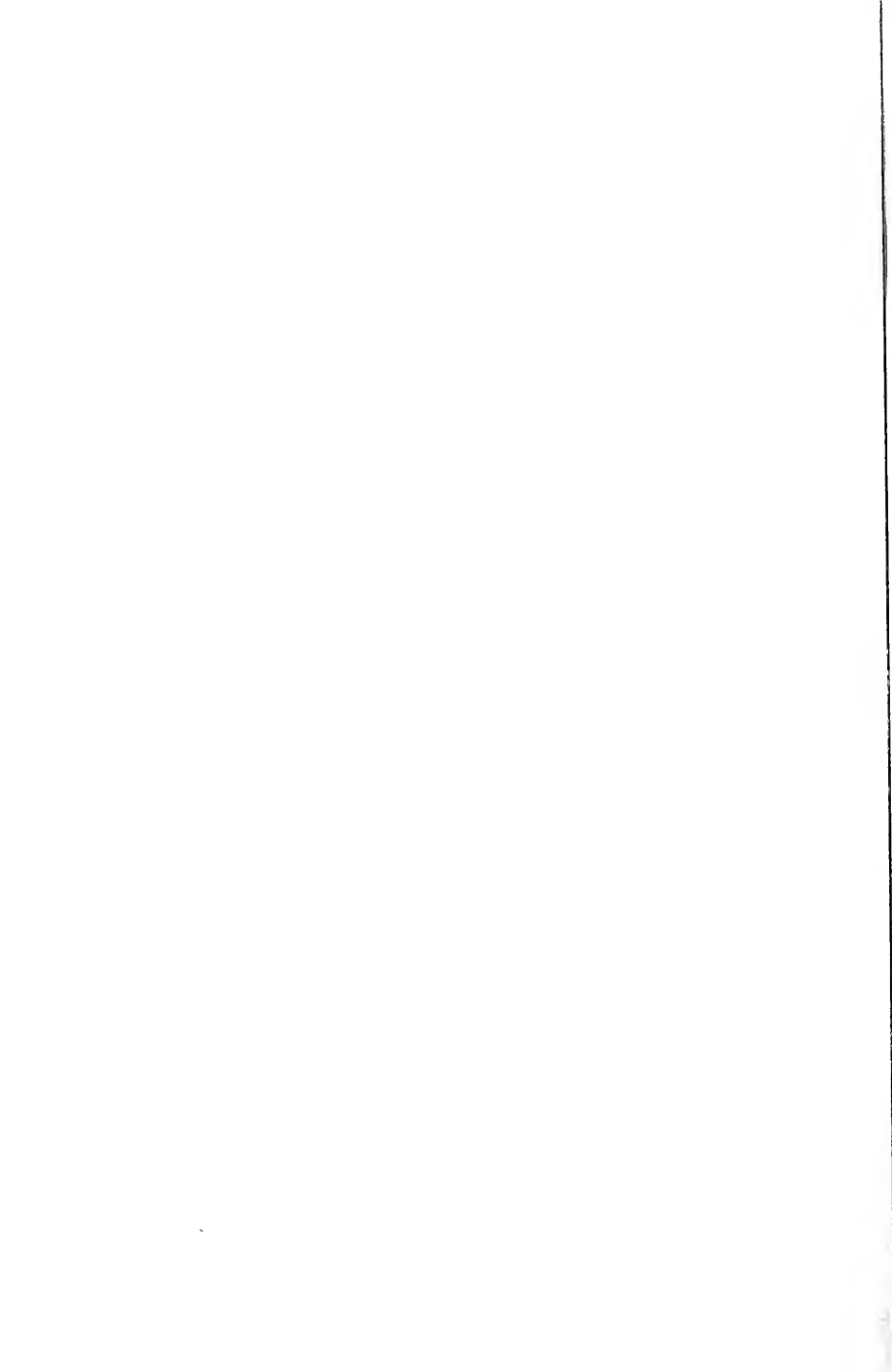


SO much stress has been laid on the influence of woman and the sturdy character of the early settlers, it is only just that the result of this combination of circumstances be made known. It is a perfectly natural consequence that from so virile and wholesome an ancestry there should come a generation of famous men. One such was the son of Stephen and Dinah Chase, born in Nantucket the twenty-third of June, 1754. This was Reuben Chase, who, at an early age, took to the sea, winning distinction by serving on the *Ranger* under John Paul Jones, receiving much praise from his commander after the action between the *Ranger* and *Drake*. Chase was also on the ship *Alliance* when that vessel took Lafayette to France.

When Jones fitted out the *Bon Homme Richard* he selected Chase for his midshipman, and on this vessel he took part in one of the most spectacular and thrilling sea-fights on record. This was in the year 1779, when Jones cruised along the Scottish coast with a fleet of French and American vessels. On the twenty-third of September, the British frigate *Serapis*, belonging to the English squadron, ran afoul of Jones' ship, the *Bon Homme Richard*; so furious was the battle that ensued that in three hours' time the *Serapis* struck her colors and 300 of the 375 men in Jones' fleet were either killed or injured. Chase seems to have borne a charmed life, as he was one of the few who passed through the ordeal unscathed. For his conduct at this time he was highly commended by his victorious commander.



HON. WALTER FOLGER



Later Chase became lieutenant of *La Bon Aventure*, a French privateer, whose captain, John Mayrant, was also from the *Bon Homme Richard*.

As a member of the crew of the frigate *America*, Jones commanding, Chase's naval career came to an end, the last named vessel being presented to the King of France.

He afterwards became interested in the whaling industry, being captain of whaleships for a number of years.

The Chase family was noted for their great physical strength, anecdotes of the prowess of the sisters having already been told. Reuben was almost a giant in height. His name has been immortalized by James Fenimore Cooper in his famous and widely read novel, "The Pilot," the hero of which, Long Tom Coffin, represents the most perfect type of sailor character in existence. Chase died in Nantucket, June 23, 1824, and the following epitaph, which is given through the courtesy of one of the descendants of this famous son of Nantucket, is much in keeping with the primitive idea of recording on tablets of stone all the circumstances attending one's last illness and demise:

"Free from the storms and gusts of human life,
Free from its error and its strife,
Here lies Reuben Chase anchored; who stood
The sea of ebbing life and flowing misery.
He was not dandy rigged, his prudent eye
Fore-saw and took a reef at fortune's quickest flow.
He luffed and bore away to please mankind;
Yet duty urged him still to head the wind.
Rumatic gusts at length his masts destroyed,
Yet jury health awhile he yet enjoyed.
Worn out with age and shattered head,
At foot he struck and grounded on his bed.
There careening thus he lay,
His final bilge expecting every day.
Heaven took his ballast from his dreary hold,
And left his body destitute of soul."

In 1774 a contingent from Nantucket removed to North Carolina. Of this party was a lady, Abigail Macy. She afterwards became the wife of Benjamin Stanton and removed with him to Ohio. Of this union was born the child who in time became the father of the celebrated war secretary, Edwin Macy Stanton.

In the year 1765 there was born in Nantucket a child who, after arriving at manhood's estate, enjoyed the distinction of the possession of the widest versatility of genius of any man ever born on the island. This was the Hon. Walter Folger. He was an entirely self-made man, so far as education is concerned, and became an expert in mathematics, astronomy, mechanics and law. He served four years in Congress, declining to accept more than a second term, declaring that he had done his share and that someone else must take his place.

While a member of Congress he is said to have worn a suit of clothes which was strictly of home production. The sheep from whose backs the wool was taken were of his own flock, his wife spun the yarn and he wove the cloth on a loom made of wood which he also constructed, while the power was furnished by a windmill of his own invention. This latter proved his inventive genius, as he had never had previous knowledge of a power loom. In speaking of his education, it may be said that he had the merest smattering of even the branches taught in the schools of that early day; but so determined was he to acquire knowledge that he studied every spare moment, even far into the night, and by so doing became proficient, not only in surveying and navigation, but mastered astronomy and French as well. At the very early age of twenty-two he began the construction of an astronomical clock which has never been duplicated and is now one of the most interesting relics to be found in Nantucket. It is the property of John B. Folger, grandson of the inventor, and fortunate indeed

is he who can gain admittance to view this truly wonderful piece of mechanism.

The following description, taken from the *New York Times*, will enable one to realize to a certain degree the complexity of its construction :

"John B. Folger, of Nantucket, is in possession of a clock of so marvellous construction as justly entitles it to a wide and admiring notoriety. It stands in the hallway of his home in Nantucket, in a tall wooden case, gracefully ticking the passing moments and hours, as it has done since the 4th of July, 1790, when it was first set in motion by its maker, Hon. Walter Folger, the grandfather of its present owner.

But mere timekeeping is but a small part of its surprising capacity. In its metallic dial plate is a truncated elliptical slit, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide, in which daily circulates a bright golden ball, representing the sun, which daily rises at the eastern end of the slip and sets and disappears at the western end of it at the exact recorded almanac time; the difference in the length of the days being regulated by a slide at the end of this roadway, which moved up or down by automatic machinery, according to the requisition of each day. The same machinery records also the sun's due place in the ecliptic. Outside this pathway of the sun is another similar slit, concentric to the first, in which the moon performs her daily and nightly journeys; indicating her southing and the time of full sea at Nantucket, and also the chief phenomena attendant upon the obliquity of her path, the revolutions of her nodes, the hunter's and harvest moons; and in one item, involving a recurrent motion of the machinery for a period of 18 years and some days. Near the top of the dial is another short slit, horizontal, where appears the date of the year, with such contrivance that exactly at midnight of the day which closes up the year, the old figures are politely dismissed, or benevolently released from further service, and the necessary new ones take their place, ready to salute the awakening inmates of the house with 'A Happy New Year.'

Not even is that all; once in a hundred years there are century figures to be changed. And this also is duly provided for by a wheel so arranged as to revolve once in a hundred years, in the following manner: remaining motionless for ten years, then starting along one notch, and so on through ten notches until the century is complete."

The writer of the foregoing description finishes up in the following words:

"In the lifetime of the maker, at twelve o'clock midnight, December 31, 1799, three hoary and faded figures meekly withdrew, and three bright and beardless youngsters stepped briskly into their shoes, shouting "1800!" One of the best authentic instances of spontaneous generation.

Walter Folger, the maker of this marvellous clock, mentally planned it at the age of 22, and submitting the plan to his father, himself a mathematical genius, was encouraged to undertake its construction; with his own hands he made every part of it, and set it in operation in 1790, from which date it never failed him in its contemplated movements until his death, which occurred in 1849. Since that time it has been once taken to pieces and cleaned; and through the lack of the extraordinary knowledge and skill necessary to perfect readjustment, it now hesitates in the performance of some of its former matchless feats."

Another wonderful invention of this famous islander is the reflecting telescope, which he built at the age of fifty-four; with the aid of its powerful lenses he discovered spots on the planet Venus, which Herschel himself had failed to discern. This telescope, every part of which he made himself, is in the possession of the Nantucket Historical Association and can be seen at their rooms in Fair Street.

Mr. Folger invented a thermometer, but for some reason placed the bulb at the top instead of the bottom, as the ones of later date. Aside from the foregoing inventions he made scores of others, giving them away, declaring that he had no desire for money, as it might do him more injury than good. It is said of him that he taught his ideas to persons coming from a distance to learn of him, and he not only gave his time, but boarded them in his own home without any charge whatever while they were his pupils.

That his wife did not fully appreciate his genius is proven by the following anecdote: On his return from Congress



ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK MADE BY
HON. WALTER FOLGER



one time, he and his wife went to spend the evening with friends, and while there, the news of his arrival home having reached the people of his town, many wishing to consult him on various matters had the temerity to call him out at different times during the evening. This so exasperated Mrs. Folger that, turning to her hostess, she remarked, with a great deal of asperity, "Ain't thee glad that thy husband isn't as smart as mine?" A doubtful compliment, yet showing that perhaps a less sought after person might have been a more congenial companion.

Mr. Folger's public life embraced six years in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, six years as judge of common pleas, four years in Congress and the practice of law for all of twenty years. It had been said that he never lost a case, and while judge never had a case appealed from his decision. He finally gave up the practice of law, because he said his clients were not satisfied unless he lied for them and this he steadfastly refused to do. His uprightness of character was proverbial. The following notice of his death is taken from the *Nantucket Inquirer* under date of September 12, 1849:

"DEATH:—On Saturday last (about 4 P. M.) Hon. Walter Folger, aged 84 years and 3 months (nearly). A gentleman of rare mechanical, mathematical and scientific talents, who at different periods of his life held various distinguished stations of trust and honor, the duties of which he fulfilled with ability and integrity."

In the hallway, close to the famous clock, hangs an oil painting of its still more famous inventor, keeping silent watch through the years which are still being registered by the faithful servant.

As one of Nantucket's truly great, William Mitchell should receive more than passing notice, although space forbids little more, for to give him the credit really due him many pages should be devoted to recording his achieve-

ments. Perhaps the greatest eulogy might be expressed in the following sentence: He was the father of Maria Mitchell, than whom there has been no greater woman.

William Mitchell was born in Nantucket in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Owing to stress of circumstances, caused by the Revolution and the threatened destruction of the whale fisheries, in which his father was interested, young Mitchell was prevented from taking up a course of studies in Harvard for which he had prepared himself. He became a teacher in his native town instead. In 1812 he married Lydia Coleman, a descendant of the earliest settlers of the island. While not possessed with an over-abundance of this world's goods, this couple were very happy in their home life. As a teacher Mr. Mitchell was successful, exerting a rare influence on all with whom he came in contact. All his pupils loved him for his gentleness of manner. He was kind to every living thing. Mr. Mitchell was the master of the first free school in Nantucket, which was established in 1827.

He was an indulgent parent, his first thought being to satisfy the least desire on the part of his children. He was extremely fond of bright colors, which were prohibited by the Quaker faith, of which he was an adherent, but he solaced himself with the cultivation of gay colored flowers and gayly bound books. A story is told of the purchase of a piano by the family and, owing to the opposition of the Quakers to any musical instrument, it was stored in a nearby house. One day, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell being out to tea, the children, upheld by Maria, who, by the way, had assisted in the purchase of the same, had the instrument removed to their own house. Upon the arrival home of the parents someone was appointed to strike up a tune. The programme was carried out to the letter and when Mr. Mitchell heard the music and was given an account of the proceeding he simply said, "Play something lively now,"

and clasping hands with the delighted children, danced gayly through the house. He was taken to task by the heads of the Meeting, but defended himself by the theory that every man's house is his castle, in which he may reign supreme, and carried the day without serious results. Although he was, strictly speaking, a scholar and scientist, he did not confine himself to study, but was a man of affairs, being secretary of the Phoenix Marine Insurance Company, cashier of the Pacific Bank, was one time president of the Atheneum Library and afterwards trustee of the same. He was also a member of the State Senate and one of Governor Briggs' Council. He served as chairman of the Harvard Observatory Committee and for a long time was one of the overseers of Harvard College. While all of his children were scholarly, only two of them followed the father's particular line of science, Henry Mitchell, assistant in the Coast Survey and a man who was an acknowledged authority the world over, and Maria Mitchell, the astronomer.

William Mitchell was entirely free from the erratic temperament displayed by so many scholars and never put any check on the pleasures of young people.

On the death of his wife, which occurred in 1861, he removed to Lynn, where he resided until the election of his daughter, Maria, to the chair of Mathematical Astronomy at Vassar. By special invitation of Matthew Vassar he went to that place and spent the remainder of his life, entering into rest in April, 1869, his demise being cause for wide-felt sorrow. He was brought back and laid to rest in his native sod. His whole life had been one of extreme purity and humility. He had been in touch with the greatest minds of the times, Herschel included.

Another prominent son of Nantucket was the Hon. Charles J. Folger. He was born in the year 1818. When but a boy he, with his parents, removed to Geneva, New

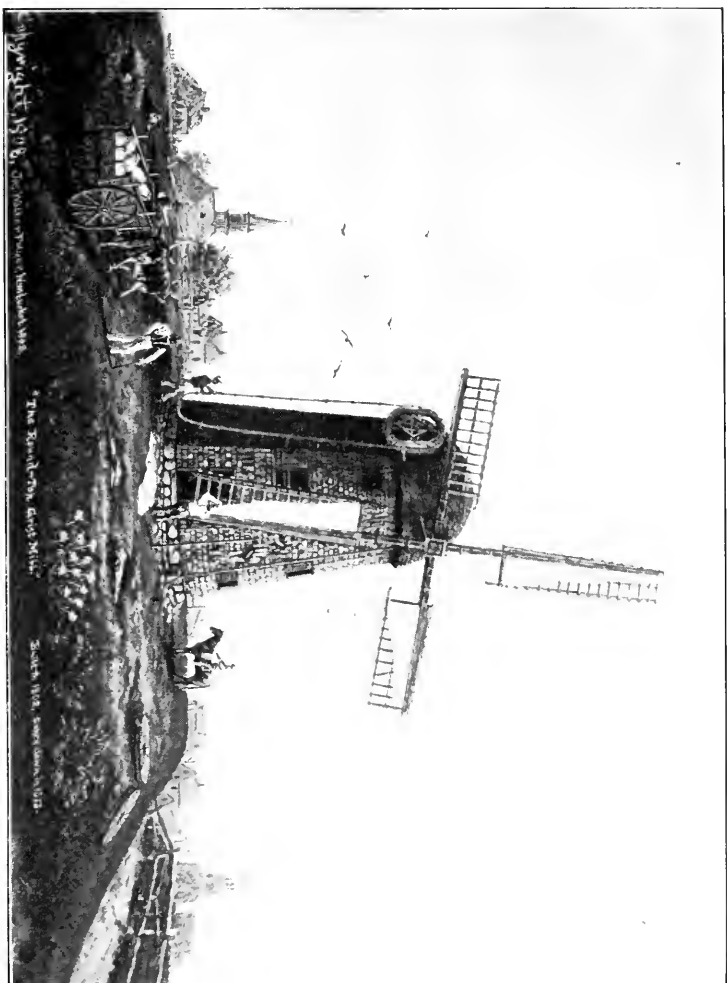
York. At the extremely early age of eighteen he was graduated from Hobart College, being admitted to the bar three years later. He immediately entered public life, his first appointment being that of judge of common pleas, followed by election as county judge in 1851, in which capacity he served four years. He went to the State Senate in 1861 and in 1869 became subtreasurer of the United States in New York City. He was made chief justice of the Court of Appeals in 1880 and secretary of the United States Treasury one year later, which position he held to the time of his death. In 1882 he was made the Republican candidate for governor of New York State, Grover Cleveland being his opponent. The result is well known, and it has been said that the failure of his party to support him in this campaign not only proved a death-blow to Judge Folger's political aspirations, but also affected his physical health to such a degree that he soon after passed away. He was acknowledged to be the ablest state senator since Seward's time and through all his political and public service never gave the least cause for reproach. He stood for what he considered right, regardless of all opposition and his home papers stated that he had never been classed as any man's man. That he was the brainiest, most capable and scholarly man of his time cannot but reflect lasting glory on the place of his birth. He died in 1884.

Another native of Nantucket, one who left the island at an early age and who is the father of a family of more than ordinary interest, is Samuel Weeks, now of Carthage, Missouri. His father, James Weeks, was an architect and builder, having erected one of the Friends' meetinghouses in Nantucket. James Weeks became a Quaker through the influence of Joseph Starbuck. When the boy Samuel was but twelve years of age he, with his parents, moved

to Georgetown, Illinois, where he grew to manhood. Here he met and married Sarah Price, daughter of Williamson Price, who was a member of one of the F. F. V., leaving the Old Dominion on account of his abolitionist tendencies. Of this union there were six children born, all of whom are still living, as are also the venerable parents, who but recently celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary. The eldest son, John M., was for years one of Missouri's leading politicians, being state representative, judge of the County Court, and county recorder of Jasper, the banner county of the greatest of all the states of the Middle West. Another son, W. M., is a man possessed of keen business insight and untiring energy wherever commercial enterprise is concerned. Francis M. has ever been acknowledged as leader in the business world. The fourth son, George, now of Denver, Colorado, is a graduate of Penn College, a Quaker institution in Oskaloosa, Iowa, and has done much efficient work along religious lines, having been for a number of years a missionary in Central and South America. One daughter, Mrs. W. W. Green, is a woman of strong religious convictions, adhering to the tenets of the Quaker church, of which organization she is a faithful attendant and supporter. The last, but by no means the least important member of the Weeks family, is the daughter, Martha, wife of J. H. Haworth, a business man and wide-awake politician. Mrs. Haworth is a bright, capable woman, herself the mother of two model sons. She is closely identified with the religious life of her home town and is known far and near for her generosity and sympathy for all who are in need. But that for which she should receive the highest encomium is her filial devotion to the aged parents, whose faces are turned toward the sunset; always loving and kind, smoothing down the rough places in their pathway, she has proven her right to the promise of length of days in the land which the Lord has given her.

That the foregoing is a complete list of the notable Nantucketers of later times is not by any means true. From the earliest times in the history of the island there have been restless flittings to all parts of the world. Nova Scotia received a colony from both Nantucket and Cape Cod. The history of the founding of Hudson, New York, is well known, and though this event occurred in 1783, there are many families bearing the old names still in the vicinity. A colony removed to Ohio in 1845 and from this contingent other Western states received a share.

Nantucket was not so remote but that the infection of "gold fever" struck it with terrific force in 1849. Hundreds of men from the island sailed for California, and while very few met with any great success in their pursuit of the illusive dollar, yet their descendants have made good, in many instances representing the backbone of financial enterprise.



THE ROUND TOP GRIST MILL. BUILT IN 1802. TAKEN DOWN IN 1873

CHAPTER VII

The Dark Tenant of the Wild



N speaking of the Indians, of whom the white settlers obtained deeds of the land on which to settle, very little is known prior to 1641, owing to the fact that they kept no records, aside from various legends and myths which were handed down from one generation to another. While these make very pleasing additions to folklore, yet their true bearing on history is of very little value. Therefore, the origin of the Nantucket Indians and the length of time they inhabited the island prior to the coming of the white man are largely matters of speculation. Referring again to Norse history, however, it is said that in the year 1003 Thorvald landed on a headland which was known afterward as Cape Cod. This spot proved so attractive that Thorvald decided to settle there. On going ashore he and his crew saw what they supposed were three hillocks on the sandy shore. On nearer approach they found three canoes made of skin and each canoe sheltered three Indians, or Skraelings, as the Norsemen called them. In the skirmish which ensued, eight of the natives were killed; the remaining one made his escape, to return later with a large contingent of his own tribe. They attacked Thorvald and his party, and although repulsed, gave Thorvald his mortal wound; the headland, which had been so attractive to him a few days previous, now became his sepulchre. If there were Indians on Cape Cod at that early date, it is highly credible that Nantucket was also inhabited by perhaps the same tribe or its tributaries. Some historians aver that the natives found by the white settlers of Nantucket were of the Natick tribe,

while others declare them to have been tributary to King Philip's Pokanoket tribe, which in turn belonged to the great Wampanoag family.

A full discussion of the Indian question belongs to a more comprehensive article than space allows in this work. Macy has it, however, that there were something like 3,000 on the island at the time of the arrival of the white settlers. This number was divided into different tribes or families, of which two at least seemed to predominate; these two in turn were presided over by two chiefs or sachems, Wanackmamack and Nickanoose, who as head sachems claimed the original title to the land. It was from these same chiefs the English obtained deeds or conveyances, known as sachems' rights, and though perhaps of little value in so far as deeds go, yet the sachems guaranteed that the Indians would relinquish all claims and never afterwards seek to reclaim their rights, or in any way disturb the English in the possession of the same; and that the rights of the Indians were in turn recognized and protected by the English Government is shown by the conditions which were attached to the Lovelace patent in 1671, namely: that the English were to purchase the land from the Indians and the Crown would then ratify and confirm these purchases. Although there came a time when the Indians petitioned for protection from the abuses of the settlers, yet when King Philip sought to induce the Nantucket tribes to join him in war, they declined, declaring themselves to be at peace with their white neighbors; thus proving that whatever their grievances may have been, they were not of sufficient magnitude to cause any lasting malice or hatred.

The liquor problem, even in those early days, became complex and difficult of solution; and although it cannot be gainsaid that much of the criminality practiced by the Indians after their coming into contact with the white

settlers was due to the influence of liquor, still there is no proof for the assertion often made that the general dissatisfaction among the Indians was from this cause. It cannot truthfully be said that the English ever took advantage of their red brothers while they were under the influence of strong drink.

The primary cause of their unrest, was a failure to understand property transference. It seemed almost impossible for these people, who had perhaps for ages shifted from one part of the island to another and had roamed at will over its moors, free as the birds that rested here on their flight seaward, to realize that once they had signed away their rights to certain meadows and fields, they could never have use of them again. Although the sachems promised that the rights should never be questioned concerning possession of the land, yet after the old sachems passed away, it seems that their heirs thought the land belonged to them, regardless of any transaction between the sachems and the white purchasers. But when the matter was brought before the court and the deeds examined, it was decided that said deeds were strictly legal and, therefore, the titles good.

Another cause for much complaint was a seeming failure to place a proper estimate on the laws of the English settlers. The Indians would take a lashing without a murmur, but that they should be subject to fines for wrongdoing to the extent of giving up their horses and cattle, in lieu of money, seemed incomprehensible and no doubt reprehensible to them.

There can be no question, after reading the records, that the early settlers treated the Indians with perfect justice; never inflicting punishment on them without just cause and provocation, and allowing them land for houses and planting, never rejecting or removing them from their homes. Even in the matter of whaling and fishing their

rights were recognized and regulated. When bodies of whales drifted ashore they were eagerly seized upon by the natives as rich prizes. The courts apportioned off different parts of these whales to different parties, that one might not have any advantage over another. In one instance, a complaint was registered by Massaquet against Eleazur Foulger for taking a whale away from the former. The trial was held before a jury, the verdict being rendered in favor of the plaintiff: the defendant was ordered to pay the sum of £4 for the whale.

The following, which is taken from the records at the State House in Boston, goes to prove the fairness of the white tribunal:

"1718, Nov. 17. Complaint received and read from the Indians of Nantucket importing that their English neighbors allow them but one-half price for their whaling: that they have pulled down the Indian's houses and built on their lands: that they plow across the Indians and plant in their land and take away their horses and cattle to prevent their plowing: that if the Indians sue the English the Judge, Jury, Sheriff and Clerk, are the defendants and praying that they may have equal and impartial trials, this being their fourth complaint. To the foregoing complaint, Joseph Coffin, representative from Nantucket, 'made answer and replication,' that as to what they allege of being paid one-half price for their service, they have no reason to complain, they being allowed according to the custom of the Island, one-half, the other being allowed for the boat and craft, which is in proportion as is allowed to white men: that they owe the English a great deal who have often housed and relieved them in their necessities: that the English have never pulled down their houses, but when they built upon the English land: that they have no other ground to complain of the English taking away their horses and cattle but their being impounded when they are taken in the English pastures; that titles of land between the English and Indians are never tried on the Island of Nantucket: that in all other causes between them, justice has been impartially administered, and they have often been favored in the judgment of their courts: that the English inhabitants are willing and desirous that the debts contracted by the Indians for the last five years may be fairly stated,

and that if in the record of their courts or otherwise, anything unjust or unreasonable appears in their dealings, they shall be glad to be better regulated."

Among the crimes committed and the fines imposed for the same, that of theft seems to predominate and the fines imposed very small indeed compared with the magnitude of the offence. For instance: housebreaking—sentenced to be whipped; sheep-stealing—whipped; for other thefts, a fine of twenty shillings imposed. It is said the death penalty was never inflicted for anything less than murder.

Although there is no record of open resistance against the whites, or any attempts at massacre, as was true in nearly all the other New England colonies, yet an incident in the life of one of the women of the early times seems to fit in just at this place. The story runs as follows: A certain family had moved into a house which was still in the course of construction. The parents, with their two small children, occupied a sleeping-room on the lower floor, while the unfinished open attic was utilized by a young man relative. Early one morning the man of the house arose and went out to join a crew in a boat in quest of whales, leaving the other inmates asleep. Soon after he had left the house the woman was awakened by the sound of footsteps on the floor above. Thinking that the young man was walking around, she called out to him to be careful, lest he fall through the opening in the floor. She had just ceased speaking when through the aperture an Indian dropped and began whetting his knife, declaring he was going to kill her. She was almost overcome with fright, but upon the Indian's announcing that the edge was sharp enough to do the work, she gave one leap toward the door, just escaping the grasp of the miscreant's hand, as he sought to lay hold of her arm. Racing wildly to the nearest house, and shrieking the word "Indian," the now thoroughly distracted woman fell in a faint on the door-

step. The neighbor, to whom she had fled for refuge, suspecting that something was amiss, repaired to the house at once, where he found the Indian in a maudlin condition. A basket just outside the door contained a bottle of liquor, which accounted somewhat for the Indian's actions. The offender was arrested and placed in jail on the charge of plunder, after he had confessed that he had entered the house for that purpose only, his threat having been made as a means of ridding the house of its occupant. The unpleasant experience left such an impression upon the woman, however, that even in after years she could not recount it without a shiver of horror.

A peculiar mode of punishment which the Indians inflicted upon their children is most interesting: The father of an incorrigible boy would get some bayberry root, scrape off a portion of the bark and place it in a bottle of water, where it was allowed to steep for a time; then taking the lad in question and laying him on his back, holding his arms down by placing a knee on each one, and turning back his head by laying hold of his hair, the father, filling his mouth with the bayberry water, would proceed to squirt the liquid into the culprit's nostrils. This was repeated several times, until the victim was nearly strangled. After a while, however, he would recover, a wiser, though sadder child. This mode of punishment was called by the Indians "Medom-humar," or "great punishment."

In 1763 a terrible scourge swept the island, depleting the Indian population to the number of 136. Thirty-four recovered, thirty-six escaped, eighteen were at sea, while the forty who lived among the whites escaped infection altogether, as did also the entire white population. In connection with this sickness it has been said that before its advent the waters around Nantucket abounded in bluefish, thirty of which would fill a barrel. In 1764, however, they disappeared, and this particular species has never returned.

Although the records abound with the misdemeanors and complaints of the Indians, but little is told of their religious fervor. Experience Mayhew, however, in 1727, wrote a most interesting book, entitled "Indian Converts: or Some Accounts of the Lives and Dying Speeches of a Considerable Number of the Christianized Indians of Martha's Vineyard." In the same volume Thomas Prince gives some idea of the work done by the Mayhews in the adjacent islands, as well. Excerpts from this volume must not be passed over as irrelevant, because they go to show an entirely different side of the Indian character from that generally known. The Indian is supposed by the casual observer to have been stoical and undemonstrative to a fault, but it is clearly shown that when the spiritual side of his nature was appealed to, he was as tender and emotional as his white brother. The first example cited by Experience Mayhew is that of Hiacoomes, who is known as the first Christian Indian and minister on the island of Martha's Vineyard.

"This Hiacoomes was an Indian of Great Harbor, now Edgartown, where a few English families first settled, in the year 1642.

His descent was but mean, his speech but slow, and his countenance not very promising. He was therefore by the Indian Sachems, and others of their principal men, looked on as but a mean person, scarce worthy of their notice or regard. However, living near the English, some of them visited him in his wigwam, and were courteously entertained by him; these endeavored to discourse a little with him about the ways of the English, and the man seemed to harken to them, and in a little time began to pay them visits again, going frequently to some of their houses: And it was thought that he was trying to learn something of them that might be for his advantage. About the same time he went also to the English meeting, and observed what was done there.

This was soon observed by the Reverend Mr. Thomas Mayhew, who was then minister to the few English inhabitants in that new plantation, and was at the same time contriving what might be done in order to the salvation of the miserable Indians about

him, whom he, with compassion, saw perishing for the lack of vision.

But now, observing in this Hiacoomes a disposition to hear and receive instruction; observing also, that his countenance was grave and sober, he resolved to essay in the first place what he could do with him, and immediately took an opportunity to discourse him; and finding encouragement to go on in his endeavors to instruct and enlighten him, he invited him to come to his house every Lord's Day evening, that so he might then more especially have a good opportunity to treat with him about the things of God, and open the mysteries of his Kingdom to him.

Hiacoomes accepting this kind invitation, Mr. Mayhew used his utmost endeavors to enlighten him. And Hiacoomes seemed as eagerly to suck in the instructions given him, as if his heart had been prepared by God, and made good ground, in order to a due reception of his Word sown in it; and thus, as a new-born babe, desiring the sincere Milk of the Word, that he might grow thereby, he increased daily in knowledge and so far as could appear, grew in grace also."

Experience Mayhew continues in his account of this man that the pawaws and sachems, hearing of Hiacoomes' attachment to the Englishmen and their religion, were very angry with him, and maligned and mistreated him in every way, even to striking him "a grievous blow in the face." For this action Hiacoomes repaid them by saying: "One hand for the injuries and another hand for God; whilst I receive wrong with the one, I lay the faster hold on God with the other."

In the year 1643 a very strange disease broke out among the Indians. They ran till exhausted, blacking their faces and snatching up weapons, as though to do harm to the English. The Indians attributed this calamity to the departure of some of their own people from the ways of heathenism and their own customs.

"But Hiacoomes being built upon that foundation that standeth sure, and being one of those whom God had set apart for Himself, and knew to be His, none of these things moved him; but

the things he had heard and learned he held fast; And that he might be in a way to learn more than he had done, he now earnestly desired to learn to read; and having a primer given him, he carried it about with him, till, by the help of such as were willing to instruct him, he attained the end for which he desired it."

Through the influence of Hiacoomes, many of the most stubborn of the pawaws were converted.

"For three years after his conversion, this good man only instructed his neighbors in private, as he had opportunity: but after they were prepared and disposed to give him public audience, with what zeal and boldness did he preach to them! He then not only declared and opened the great mysteries of religion to them, as that of the Trinity, the Covenant of Works by God made with man, man's fall and apostasy by Adam's first transgression, and the wretched condition which mankind was thereby brought into, and the way of redemption, which God has in and by his Son Jesus Christ provided for them, etc. I say, he not only instructed them in these things, but boldly charged them with the sins and abominations in which they daily lived: especially with their worshipping of false gods, and adhering to Pawaws or wizards, and giving that honor to creatures that was due to Jehovah only."

Hiacoomes lived to a great age, and although for several years previous to his death he was not able to speak publicly, yet he continued his ministrations and was considered by both English and Indians "A man of a very blameless conversation." "In his last sickness he breathed forth many pious expressions and gave good exhortations to all about him, and so went into eternal rest."

It was not to the men only that religion appealed. Mr. Mayhew gives many instances of the remarkable experiences of both women and children, one example of each of which must suffice. "One Abigail, called by the Indians Ammapoo, was the daughter of a petty sachem of Holmes' Hole. She became the wife of one of the Indian ministers. She was taught to read while young, till by a scald in her face

she in a great measure lost her sight, within a few years after she was first married. She used, while her husband lived, to pray in the family, in his absence, and frequently gave good counsel to her children." In her last years, being left a widow,

"she lived with her children, and used to pray with them, and frequently gave many good instructions to them. * * * * She prayed much at other times, * * * and delighted much in going to the House of God, and would scarce ever stay away from meeting, unless there was some very necessary occasion for it.

* * * * She often spake of this world as none of our resting place, and of herself and others as strangers and pilgrims in it. But of Heaven she used to talk as a place of excellent Glory, where God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit dwell, and from whence the holy Angels come to minister to the saints on the earth, and to which they would at their death convey them. And of death she would sometime speak as the hand of God, by which his people were removed into a better place than the world is; and would also call it a ferryman, by which we have our passage out of this life into the next."

At the time of her final illness, one of her daughters having watched long at her bedside, was entreated by her mother to lie down and get some rest. Fearing that death might come while she slept the daughter protested; but Abigail was firm, saying that "God would take care of her." Instead of lying down, however, the daughter sat in the room with her eyes nearly closed. Suddenly she became aware of a great light shining in the room, outrivaling the brightness of the noonday sun; "when looking up she saw two bright shining persons standing in white raiment at her mother's bed side, who, on her sight of them, with the light attending them, immediately disappeared. Upon saying something to her mother of what she had seen, the latter replied: 'This is what I said to you, God taketh care of me.' She also told another person, before she died, that her guardians were already come for her." Just before she

departed this life she prayed earnestly for not only her children and friends, but also her enemies, and committing her soul into the hands of her Redeemer, she passed out of earth life to the one beyond.

A most interesting example of early piety is given in the name of Bethia Tuphaus who died between the ages of three and four years. Her parents, being godly people, their conversations seem to have made a deep impression on their little daughter. When she was only three years old her father was taken seriously ill. Going into his room one day, her mother found Bethia on her knees at her father's bedside, speaking and praying to God. She first confessed her sins and unworthiness to speak to the Lord, and then proceeded to plead for her father's life, asking that if it were not God's will to spare him, that he would take him to himself, giving him life eternal. She then prayed for her small brothers and all little children, that God would extend his favor to them. While absent from home, being sent to her grandparents, her father passed away, and so deeply did she grieve for him that a sort of melancholy seemed to possess her, and in a short time she, too, sickened and died. On her deathbed she expressed great willingness to die and go to Heaven to be with God. Thus passed away one of the youngest examples of godly children.

In order to show what the English did toward Christianizing the Indians of Martha's Vineyard and adjacent islands, the following excerpts are taken from the writings of Thomas Prince, who in 1727 added to the book just mentioned, written by Mayhew, "some account of those English ministers who have successively presided over the work of gospelizing the Indians of Martha's Vineyard and adjacent islands."

"The worthy collector of the foregoing instances having very well expressed his concern that God may have the glory of his

works of Grace upon that people, it must needs be very fitting there should now be some account of those more principal English instruments, which Heaven has been pleased to qualify and inspire with zeal for this difficult employment, and then to crown and honor with such remarkable success. And as the author happens to be restrained from publishing a just account of these, by his near relation to them, and his commendable modesty, it is but gratitude and justice that some other hand should now take the pen, and draw something of those worthy gentlemen, who have chiefly labored in this evangelick service, and by whose care and pains such happy fruits have sprung and grown.

This I shall therefore, with all faithfulness and convenient brevity, endeavor, partly from several books and pamphlets published both in Old England and New, partly from two or three manuscripts of credit I have now in my hands, and partly from my own enquiries and informations of the living.

Mr. Thomas Mayhew, senior, coming over as a merchant to the Massachusetts, in the early times of that plantation, and meeting with disappointments in his business, he first purchases a farm at Watertown, and applies himself to husbandry."

Then follows a brief account of the procuring of the grant of Martha's Vineyard from Forreth; also the islands of Nantucket and the Elizabeth Islands. Continuing, the author says:

"In 1642, he sends Mr. Thomas Mayhew, junior, his only son, being then a young scholar about twenty-one years of age, with some other persons, to the Vineyard, where they settled at the east end; and quickly after the father followed, and became their Governor. But because the son appears to be the first that labored in the Indian service, on these islands, I shall therefore here begin with him.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas Mayhew, junior, the only son of the worshipful Thomas Mayhew, Esq., was a young gentleman of liberal education, and of such repute for piety as well as natural and acquired gifts, having no small degree of knowledge in the Latin and Greek language, and being not wholly a stranger to Hebrew, that soon after their settlement on the Island, the new plantation called him to the ministry among them. But his English flock being then but small, the sphere was not large enough for so bright a star to move in. With great compassion, he beheld the

wretched natives, who were then several thousands on those Islands, perishing in utter ignorance of the true God and eternal life, laboring under strange delusions, enchantments, and panick fears of devils, whom they most passionately worshipped, and in such a miserable case as those Eph. 2nd and 12th, 'Without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the Covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.' But God, who had ordained him an evangelist for the conversion of these Indian gentiles, stirred him up with an holy zeal and resolution, to labor their illumination and deliverance. He first endeavors to get acquainted with them, and then earnestly applies himself to learn their language. He treats them in a condescending and friendly manner. He denies himself, and does his utmost to oblige and help them. He takes all occasions to insinuate and show the sincere and tender love and good will he bore them; and as he grows in their acquaintance and affection, he proceeds to express his great concern and pity for their immortal souls. He tells them of their deplorable condition under the power of malicious devils, who not only kept them in ignorance of those earthly good things, which might render their lives in this world much more comfortable, but of those also, which might bring them to eternal happiness in the world to come; what a kind and mighty God the English served, and how the Indians might happily come into His favor and protection. The first Indian that embraced the motion of forsaking their false gods, and adoring the true one, was Hiacoomes, which was in the year 1643, an account of whom, we therefore have in the first of the foregoing examples. This Indian living near the English settlement, quickly grew into an acquaintance with them. And being a man of sober, thoughtful, and ingenuous spirit, he not only visited their houses, but also their public and religious meetings; at which time Mr. Mayhew took particular notice of him, discoursed often with him, invited him to his house every Lord's Day evening, gave him a clear account of the nature, reasonableness, and importance of Christian faith, and quickly brought him to a firm and resolute adherence to it. Mr. Mayhew having gained Hiacoomes, he first employs him as a faithful instrument to prepare his way to the rest of the natives, instructing him more and more in this new religion, showing him how to recommend it to them, and to answer all their arguments and objections against it. And then in 1644, he proceeds to visit and discourse them himself, carrying a greater and more irresistible light and evidence with him. And whereas

at first he could not hope to be heard in public, he therefore begins to instruct them in a more private way, sometimes going to the houses of those he esteemed most rational and well qualified, and at other times treating with particular persons. And as Mr. Mayhew endeavored the good of these heathens, by discoursing with as many as were willing to have conference with him, so with Hiacoomes in particular, whom he from time to time directed to communicate the knowledge received to those that Mr. Mayhew could not so easily meet with. And thus they united their counsels, and wrought together, and by the blessing of God, soon gained some others. But that which especially favored the progress of religion among them, was a universal sickness, wherewith they were visited in the following year; wherein it was observed by the heathen Indians themselves, that those who hearkened to Mr. Mayhew's pious instructions did not taste so deeply of it, and Hiacoomes and his family in a manner nothing at all. This put the natives, who lived within six miles of the English, upon serious consideration about this matter, being much affected, that he who had professed the Christian religion, and had thereby exposed himself to much reproach and trouble, should receive more blessings than they: whereupon Myoxco the chief man of that place, and Towanquatick the Sagamore, with many others, sent for Hiacoomes, to tell them what he knew of the God which the English worshipped. At this very meeting, which was in 1646, Myoxco was happily enlightened, and turned to choose and acknowledge this God for his own; and Towanquatick, soon after, encouraged by some others, desired Mr. Mayhew to give them a public meeting, to make known to them the Word of God in their own tongue: and among other incitements, addressed him thus:—'You shall be to us as one that stands by a running river, filling many vessels; even so shall you fill us with everlasting knowledge.' So Mr. Mayhew undertook to give them a meeting once a month; but as soon as the first exercise was over, they desired it oftener than he could well attend; however once a fortnight was the settled course; and as this was the first public audience among them, so from hence, both Mr. Mayhew on week-days lecture, and Hiacoomes on the Sabbaths, were constantly heard in public, as long as they lived. However Mr. Mayhew here met with three very great obstacles; for, (1):—Many strongly stood for their own meetings, ways, and customs, as being in their account, much more advantageous and agreeable than ours, wherein they have nothing but talking and praying, and this in a manner too still and sober for

them. (2):—Others alleged, that the Sagamores were generally against this new way. But the (3) and greatest of all was how they should come off from the Pawaws. This was the strongest cord that bound them; for the Pawaws, by their diabolical sorceries, kept them in the most slavish fear and subjection to them. There were about twelve at the meeting, who were halting between two opinions, and others only came to see and hear what was done: for though they had heard something of the one God of Heaven, yet such was their unspeakable darkness and bondage to sin and the Pawaws, that they durst not for fear desert them: and though a few were better enlightened, yet the natives round about stuck fast in their brutishness. The Sagamore Towanquatick was exceedingly maligned by them, and in 1647 his life was villianously attempted for his favoring the Christian religion; but his great deliverance with the due reflection on the villany, rather confirmed him in it; and inflamed him with the more active zeal to espouse, and assert it, and the meeting went on to the joy of some Indians, and the envy of the rest, who derided and scoffed at those who attended the lecture, and blasphemed the God whom they worshipped, which very much damped the spirits of some for a time in his ways, and hindered others from looking towards them. But Towanquatick and Hiacoomes were inspired with a wonderful courage and constancy: and in the following year had a general meeting of all that were inclined for Christianity, to confirm and assist one another in their abiding by it. This assembly was held in Mr. Mayhew's presence, and therein he tells us, that twelve of the young men went and took Sacochanimo, Towanquatick's eldest son by the hand, telling him they loved him, and would go with him in God's way, and the elder men encouraged them, and desired them never to forget these promises. And so after they had eaten, and sang part of a psalm in their own language, and Mr. Mayhew had prayed, they returned home with expressions of great joy and thankfulness. The next year there was a greater convention, wherein was a mixed multitude, both of infidel and Christian Indians, and those who were in doubt of Christianity; but Mr. Mayhew it seems, was not now present. In this assembly the dreadful power of the Pawaws was publicly debated, many asserting their power to hurt and kill, and alleging numerous instances that were evident and undoubted among them: and then some asking aloud, 'Who is there, that does not fear them?' others replied:—'There is not a man that does not.' Upon which Hiacoomes breaks forth, and boldly declares, that

though the Pawaws might hurt those who feared them, yet he believed and trusted in the great God of Heaven and earth, and therefore all the Pawaws together could do him no harm, and he feared them not. At which they all exceedingly wondered, and expected some dreadful thing to befall him; but observing he remained unhurt, they began to esteem him happy in being delivered from their terrible power. Several of the assembly declared they now believed in the same God too, and would be afraid of the Pawaws no more; and desired Hiacoomes to tell them what this great God would have them to do, and what were the things that offended him; He immediately fell to prayer and preaching, and by a rare and happy invention, he readily discovered and mentioned forty-five or fifty sorts of sins committed among them, and as many contrary duties neglected; which so amazed and touched their consciences, that at the end of the meeting there were twenty-two Indians who resolved against those evils, and to walk with God, and attend his word, among whom was Momonequen, a son of one of the principal Indians, who sometime after became a preacher, and of whom we may read in the second example. And now in 1650, comes on the critical point of the credit and power of the Pawaws among them; for Hiacoomes thus openly renouncing and protesting against the false gods he had worshipped, with all the Pawawas and their familiar ministers, and with an amazing courage, despising and defying their power, the Pawaws were greatly enraged, and threatened his utter destruction; but to their own and their peoples surprise and confusion were unable to hurt him. Mr. Mayhew improves the advantage, and redoubles his diligence, is incessant in his pious endeavor; and now that many are in doubt of their way, he offers to show them the right one; he spares not his body either by day, or by night. He readily travels and lodges in their smoky wigwams; when he usually spends a great part of the night in relating the ancient stories of God in the scriptures, which were very surprising and entertaining to them, and in other discourse which he conceives most proper. He proposes such things to their consideration which he thinks firstly requisite; he fairly solves their subtle objections, and tells them they might plainly see, it was purely in good will to them, from whom he could expect no reward, that he spent so much time and pains, and endured so much cold and wet, fatigue and trouble. But as God was pleased to animate, uphold and preserve him, so also quickly to give a growing success to his painful labors. For soon after, an Indian

standing up at the lecture, confessed his sins, declared his repentance, and desire to forsake them and to go in God's way; and then going to Towanquatick, took him by the hand, and in his native simplicity, said, 'I love you, and do greatly desire to go along with you for God's sake.' The same, he said to some others; and then coming to Mr. Mayhew, he said:— 'I pray you to love me, and I do love you, and desire to go with you, for God's sake;' upon which they received him with gladness of heart. After this, there came five men more; and by the end of the summer, there were thirty-nine Indian men of this meeting, who had not only the knowledge of the main points of religion, and professed their belief of them, but had also solemnly entered into a covenant to live agreeably to them. Beside the well-instructed and believing women, who were supposed to exceed the number of men, though they had not yet entered the covenant, Mr. Mayhew's way in public now is, by a lecture every fortnight, whereto both men, women and children come; and first he prays, then preaches, then catechises, then sings a psalm, and all in their own language. After the sermon, he generally spends more time than in the sermon itself, in a more familiar reasoning with them. And every Saturday morning, he confers with Hiacommes more privately about his subject matter of preaching to the natives on both parts of the following day; Mr. Mayhew directing him in the choice of his text, and in the management of it. About this time, viz, the end of the summer, the Rev. Mr. Henry Whitfield, pastor of the church at Guildford New England, in his voyage to Boston, in order to his return to England, happened to put in at the Vineyard, and to stay there ten days. There he tells us, he found a small plantation, and an English church gathered, whereof this Mr. Mayhew was pastor; that he had attained a good understanding in the Indian tongue, could speak it well, and had laid the first foundation of the knowledge of Christ, among the natives there, by preaching, etc. Mr. Whitfield attends Mr. Mayhew to a more private Indian meeting, and the next day to the Indian lecture, where Mr. Mayhew preached, and then catechised the Indian children who answered readily and modestly in the principles of religion; some of them answering in English, and others in the Indian tongue; and then Mr. Whitfield adds the following lines:—'Thus having seen a short model of his way, and of the pains he took, I made some inquiry about Mr. Mayhew himself, and about his subsistence; because I saw but a small and slender appearance of outward conveniences of life in any comfortable way: The man himself was modest,

and I could get little from him; but after, I understood from others how short things were with him, and how he was many times forced to labor with his own hands, having a wife and three small children who depended upon him to provide necessaries for them; having not half so much yearly coming in, in a settled way, as an ordinary laborer gets there among them, yet he is cheerful amidst these straits, and none hear him complain. The truth is, he will not leave the work, in which his heart is engaged; for on my knowledge, if he would have left the work, and employed himself elsewhere, he might have had a more competent and comfortable maintenance. I mention this the rather, because I have some hope, that some pious mind who reads this, might be inwardly moved to consider his condition and come to his succor, for his encouragement in this great work.' Thus Mr. Whitfield. But quickly after he left Mr. Mayhew, there happened a thing which amazed the whole Island, and turned to the great and speedy advancement of Christian religion. For it pleased God, who had drawn the Indians from the Pawaws to worship himself, whereat the Pawaws were greatly offended; yet now to persuade even two of themselves to run after those who sought him, and desire they might also go with them in the ways of that God whose name is Jehovah. They came very deeply convinced of the sins they had lived in, and especially Pawawing; revealing the diabolical mysteries and expressing the utmost repentance and detestation of them; entreating that God would have mercy upon them, pardon their sins, and teach them his ways, for Christ Jesus, His sake. And very affecting it was to Mr. Mayhew and all who were present, 'to see these poor naked sons of Adam, and slaves to the devil from birth, to come towards the Lord as they did, with their joints shaking and their bowels trembling; their spirits troubled, and their voices with much fervency uttering words of sore displeasure against sin and Satan, which they had embraced from their childhood, with great delight. And now accounting it also their sin that they had not the knowledge of God, that they had served the devil, the great enemy of both God and man, and had been so hurtful in their lives; but yet being thankful that through the mercy of God they had an opportunity to be delivered out of their dangerous condition.' The Christian Indians exceedingly rejoiced to see the Pawaws begin to turn from their wicked ways to the Lord; and in a little time after, on a lecture day, at the close of the exercise, there were several more of the natives who expressed their desire to become the servants of the most high

God, among whom was Tequanonim, another Pawaw of great esteem, and very notorious. And now indeed both the common Indians and the Pawaws themselves, began to observe and confess, that since the gospel had been preached to them, the Pawaws had been very much foiled in their diabolical essays; and instead of curing as formerly, they now had rather killed many. At the same time there came pressing in about fifty Indians more in one day, desiring to join with the worshippers of God in his service, confessing their sins; some—those actual ones they had lived in, and others—the naughtiness of their hearts: desiring to be made better; and for this end, to attend on the word of God, and looking only to Christ for salvation. And upon this occasion, Mr. Mayhew observes, that they generally came in by families; the parents also bringing their children with them, saying:—‘I have brought my children too, I would have my children serve God, with us, I desire that this son and this daughter may worship Jehovah.’ And if they could but speak, their parents would have them say something to show their willingness to serve the Lord: and when the Commandments were repeated, they all acknowledged them to be good, and made choice of Jehovah to be their God, promising by his help to walk according to his counsels. And when they were received by those that were before in this general Covenant, it was by loud voices, giving thanks to God that they were met together in the ways of Jehovah. This was all before the end of the year 1650. And by the midst of October 1651, there were one hundred and ninety-nine men, women and children, who had professed themselves to be worshippers of the great and ever-living God. * * * * On January 11th, 1651-62 Mr. Mayhew set up a school to teach the natives to read, namely, the children and any young men who were willing to learn, whereof they were very glad: And as there quickly came in about thirty Indian children, he found them apt to learn; and more were coming in every day. * * * * By the end of October 1652, there were two hundred and eighty-two Indians, not counting young children in the number, who were brought to renounce their false gods, devils and Pawaws. * * * * The praying Indians, (as the Christianized Indians were commonly called,) being distinguished by this pious exercise, were constant attenders on the public worship; and even the barbarous Indians, both men and women, came often to Mr. Mayhew’s lectures, bewailing their ignorance, disliking their sinful liberty, and seeking subjection to God, to be taught, governed and saved by him, for Jesus Christ’s sake. * * * * While he

was laboring in this blessed work with indefatigable pains and difficulties, expecting no reward but from Him who said:—'Go teach all nations. Lo, I am with you,' God was pleased to move the hearts of many good people in England, who had heard of the same, to advance a considerable sum, to encourage the propagation of the Gospel among the New England Indians. And having seen so great a blessing on his painful labors, and seeing the spirit given to sundry Indians, with the gift of prophesying according to the promise made by Him who ascended on high, and gave gifts to men; having also an able godly Englishman, named Peter Foulger, employed in teaching the youth in reading, writing, and the principles of religion by catechising; being well-learned likewise in the scriptures, and capable of helping them in religious matters."

Mr. Prince now tells of the premature and tragic taking away of this Mr. Mayhew, Jr., in the thirty-seventh year of his age:

"He intended a short voyage to England, to give a more particular account of the state of the Indians than he could well do by letters, and to pursue the most proper measures for the further advancement of religion among them. He accordingly took passage in a ship, with his wife's own brother, and with an Indian who was a preacher among the natives. But alas! the mysterious ways of Providence! Neither the ship, nor any of the passengers, were ever heard of more! Thus came to an immature death, Mr. Mayhew, junior; who was so affectionately loved and esteemed of the Indians, that they could not easily bear his absence so far as Boston, before they longed for his return; and for many years after his departure, he was seldom named, without tears."

In speaking of Mr. Mayhew, Sr., Mr. Prince says:

"While his son was with such success endeavoring to gospelize the natives, the father greatly favored and encouraged the work, and forwarded his son therein; not only by affording his best advice, but also by laboring in a most prudent manner, with the Indian Sachems, to govern their people according to English laws, and at length submit to the authority of the Crown of England, and admit of such as were best qualified to assist them in government: By affording them his own help also, and so wisely managing

affairs among them, that in a little while, he was most highly esteemed and revered by them, and even generally looked upon as both their principal ruler and patron."

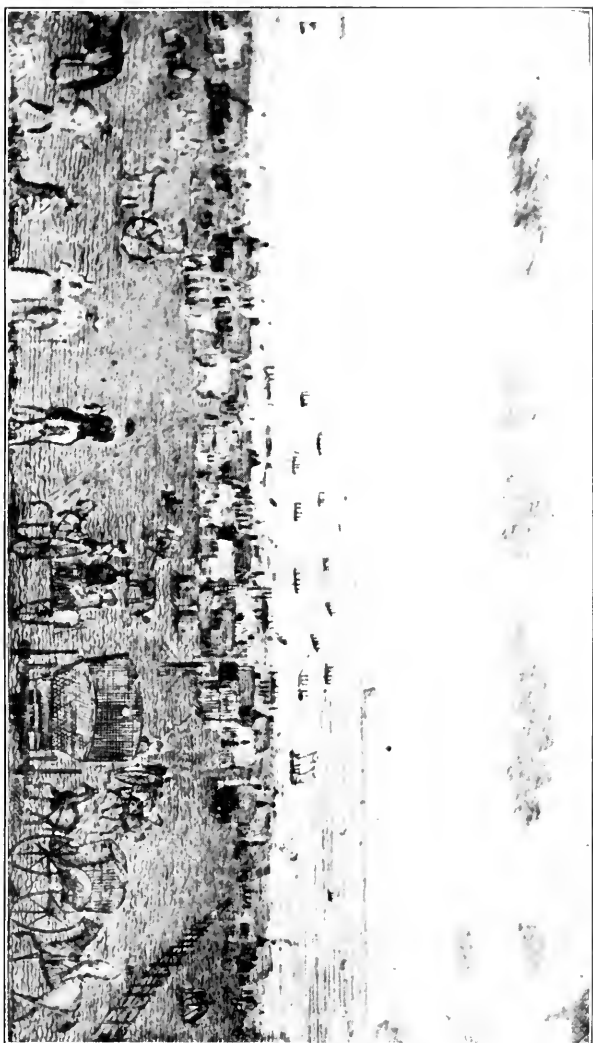
This Mr. Mayhew seems to have been a man of great executive ability and possessed of much tact. He was at all times ready to hear the complaints of the Indians, and dispensed justice in the most impartial manner. Under his guidance the sachems themselves were brought to see the merit of the English government. In such high esteem did the Indians hold his religious authority, that when he had reached the advanced age of fourscore years they desired him to become their regular pastor. This great honor he was forced to decline, on account of his arduous duties in the government. He proposed that the Indians select from their own numbers two, who might act as pastors and religious advisers. This plan was accepted with much enthusiasm, and thereby Hiacoomes and Tackanash were duly ordained and installed. Under the influence of these Indian ministers many men, women and children were baptized and brought into the church of God. Mr. Mayhew was ever held in great reverence among them, and the praying Indians of both Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket looked upon him as "the great instrument of God" for their good. Even at the advanced age of ninety-three he gave them parting words of religious cheer. As his hour to depart this life was near at hand he called his grandson and great-grandson to his bedside, and laying his hands on their heads, blessed them and commended them to God's care; thus his mantle passed to his descendants.

The Rev. John Mayhew, the youngest son of Thomas Mayhew, Jr., now took up the work and was also much beloved by the praying Indians. So great was his faith in God that he expressed himself as having absolutely no fear of death, believing that all would be well with him, when

he should be called to depart hence. His final illness came in 1688, or 1689, yet he continued to exhort his followers and the members of his family to remain faithful to their trust, holding meetings at his bedside until the third of February, when he passed over the line at the extremely early age of thirty-seven years. He left a family of eight children, the eldest of whom being but sixteen years old. On this son, Experience Mayhew, descended the mantle of religious guardianship of the Indians. Some small idea of the magnitude of his work is gained by quoting from his own history of the experiences of the Indians, who through his teaching became free from the pawaws and other diabolical influences. In closing, it is most fitting to quote from Mr. Prince once more:

"If I had leisure enough, and could think it a grateful thing to the public, I should be inclined to draw up a complete and regular history of the New England Indians, as far as it has come to our knowledge from the very beginning;—But doubtless what has been done above and before, will suffice. However, whether the world be informed and convinced or not, let those who labor even in the obscurest corners, still go on in their work, like their companions, the angels, invisible to the eyes of mortals, and receiving no personal praise or acknowledgment from them; or like that great and affecting example of Mr. Mayhew, the Third. And the less honor they receive from men, in this life, they will doubtless have the more from God in the other.— The day will certainly come, when all their secret services to the Kingdom of Christ will be produced with themselves into the most public sight; they'll be applauded by him, the omniscient and most righteous judge in the face of the Universe, and He'll most openly honor and reward them with this,—'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord.' Their honors will subsist and flourish universal forever, while the high but hollow applauses of many others on earth will entirely sink and vanish in eternal oblivion."

Coming back to the Nantucket Indians, be it said to the everlasting reproach of the white settlers, that years



SIACONSETT IN 1791, REPRODUCED FROM AN ANCIENT ENGRAVING BELONGING TO MRS. ELIZABETH
COFFIN OF NANTUCKET. BY PERMISSION OF HISTORICAL SOCIETY

before any churches had been formed by the latter, pious Indians, under the influence of the Mayhews, had organized churches for the natives. King Philip came to the island in vengeful pursuit of an Indian with whom he was angry. The crime for which Philip wished to punish him was that of speaking the name of the dead, a thing strictly forbidden by Indian custom. The whites sought to save the offender, and offered as his ransom the sum of £11 sterling, all the money available at that time. This Indian, John Gibbs, whose Indian name was Assassamoogh, was educated in Harvard by the Mayhews and became a preacher. The first public building erected in Nantucket was a meetinghouse, for him to preach in to the Christianized Indians. In 1674 there was a church of thirty members, of whom twenty were men, a somewhat different state of affairs from that which exists among the modern church societies. Three hundred Indians, young and old, prayed to God and kept the Sabbath. For nearly twenty-five years John Gibbs preached in the church of the converted Indians. In 1674 there were three praying towns. The children were all baptized, in spite of the opposition of the Quakers and other English Anabaptists, who attempted to prevent infant baptism among the Indians. Of the three churches, one was Baptist and two Congregational. The women were earnest workers, despite the fact that the numbers were two to one in favor of the men.

The history of the red man is the same the world over. Civilization sounds the knell of doom to this peculiar type of humanity. The last full-blooded Indian on the island was Dorcas Honorable. She was born April 27, 1776. Her father was Isaac Earop and her mother Sarah Tashima. Dorcas lived for years as domestic in the family of John Cartwright. In 1794 there were three wigwams on the island, the last of which, belonging to Abigail Fisher, was taken down in 1799. The last person on the island having

Indian blood in his veins was Abram Quarry, or Quady, as he was sometimes called. He died November 25, 1854, at the age of eighty-two years and ten months, and with him passed the last of the tribe, the origin of which nothing is definitely known.

"Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild,
Great nature owns her simple child."

CHAPTER VIII

In the Olden, Golden Time



O say of the early settlers of the island that they toiled not, neither did they spin, would be unjust, as the records show conclusively that milling was one of the earliest industries engaged in. In fact there are evidences of very crude and primitive mills having been in use long before the advent of the white man. This reference is made to the Indians' stone mills, which consisted of two large stones, one of which fitted into a cavity in the top of the other, and these rolling together crushed the grain sufficiently fine for the Indians' requirements; but one can easily see that these rude inventions would seem most impracticable to the ingenious English. The first mill built by the latter was a water mill and was erected in 1666 at Wesco Pond, now known as Lily Pond, at that time a large lake covering some three acres. A ditch, of sufficient width to allow small vessels to sail in and anchor, conveyed water from the ocean, while the outlet was by the way of Brant Point. A dam was constructed near what is now known as Lily Street, which, giving way at one time, caused considerable damage. In 1672 Peter Folger was appointed by the town to operate the mill. For some reason this one was abandoned and another, which was run by wind power, erected in its place. Folger also attended this one, receiving as pay two quarts to every bushel of grain ground. This second mill was built by William Bunker.

At one time there were four mills on what is now known as Mill Hills. These were formerly called Popsquatchet Hills. One of the island poets tells us that

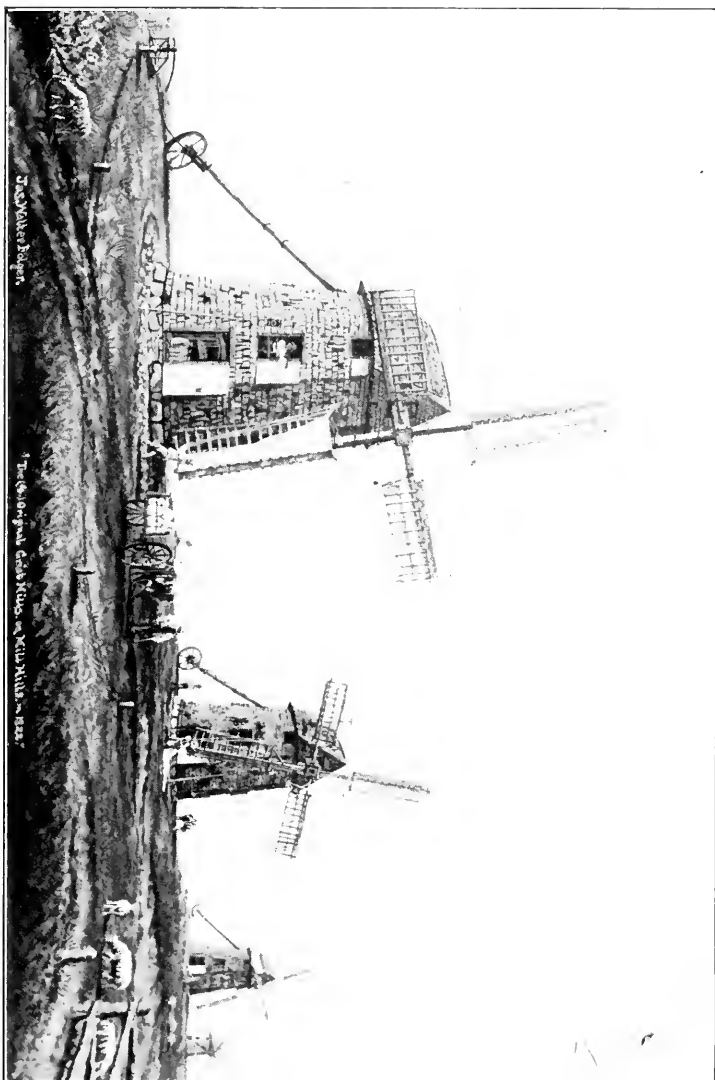
"In. Squam lived Sachem Nickanoose,
And on Popsquatchet Hills
The famous Warrior Autopscot
Where stand our peaceful mills."

Frederick Macy erected the first of these mills in 1723, constructing it after plans which came to him in his dreams. The timbers were of live-oak, taken from trees that grew in Dead Horse Valley. The mill was in running order as late as 1820. In 1836, having become unfit for use, it was sold to the town, to be used as an experiment to prove the practicability of blowing up buildings in case of fire. A keg of gunpowder was placed beneath the foundation and set off, totally destroying the building. This test proved quite an event; the children were dismissed from school and the townspeople turned out in general to witness the test. This mill stands on record as the "Barna Bunker Mill."

The "Spider Mill" was built in 1759. This stood on what is now a part of Prospect Hill Cemetery and received its name from its peculiar construction. It had eight vanes, with lines that stretched from pole to pole, presenting a web-like appearance. It doesn't seem to have been a success, as it was blown up to make room for the fence around one part of the cemetery. Benjamin Whippey was miller here at one time.

Another mill, situated on what was known as Brimstone Hill, was built in 1770. It was known by various names, such as "Red Mill," "Charles Bunker Mill," and the "Abisha Paddock Mill." Prince Gardner was the last owner and his son, Charles, tended it until 1867, when it was destroyed by lightning.

The last mill built for the grinding of corn also bore numerous titles. It was built in 1802 and was known at that time as "Joe Chase's Mill." Eliphalet Paddock must



The Windmills.

The original stone mills on Mill Hill in 1822.

THE (4) ORIGINAL GRIST MILLS ON MILL HILLS IN 1822

have had some interest in it at one time, as it was called by his name. Its most distinctive title and the one by which it stands in history is that of "The Round Top Grist Mill." It was distinguished from other mills by the peculiar shape of the roof from which it received its name, and by the absence of the heavy slanting tail that had been considered most necessary for turning the top around in order that the sails might fill from whatever direction the wind came. A wheel some twelve feet in diameter was attached to one side of the top, while through a groove in this wheel an endless rope, which reached to the ground, was run. When the vanes were set in motion this rope was untied from the block to which it was fastened when the mill was not in operation. So easily could the mill be started that it took no more than a slight push by the miller to get the vanes in motion. It is told that one time an assistant, being alone in the mill, pulled down on the wrong end of the endless rope, causing the vanes to revolve so rapidly that the stones in the hopper became so heated that there was danger of their igniting the timbers; the miller became much excited, left the place and ran into the road screaming for help. A passerby ran up to the rope and grasping it tightly, pulled in the right direction, stopping the vanes before any damage was done. Captain Joseph Chase operated the mill until 1832 and at his death, which occurred in that year, his brother took possession. It passed through numerous hands until Captain Frederick Chase bought it of Captain John Pinkham. It was finally taken down in 1873, one of the millstones being used as a part of the foundation to the Soldiers' Monument in Main Street, while the other is still in use in a blacksmith's shop for putting tires on wagon wheels. The one in question is five feet in diameter and is supposed to weigh probably 3,800 pounds. The second stone weighed fully as much, in all probability. One can easily understand the

necessity for the extraordinary heavy timbers employed in the construction of the early mills.

The sole surviving member of the quartette which once occupied Mill Hills was built in 1746 by a Mr. Willson for a Nantucket company, one-half for Eliakim Swain and one-half to John Hay. Eliakim Swain died in 1750, leaving his share of the mill to his son, Timothy, who bought Hay's share and took charge of the mill and operated it for a number of years, dying while on duty. It passed into the hands of the Swain heirs, and in 1828, on account of the extensive repairs needed, it was sold to Jared Gardner for the small sum of \$20.00, to be taken down and used for fuel. Mr. Gardner, being a millwright himself, found the timbers substantially made of oak and concluded to make the repairs himself. He equipped it with vanes like the "Spider Mill," but this did not prove to be a success. It is said that during the War of the Revolution a cannon ball from an English man-of-war passed through the mill, closely grazing the miller's head; the mill being situated as it was on high ground, made it an easy target for the marine gunners.

A story is told of a young lady who, with a party of friends, was watching the mighty vanes turn, took hold of one as it passed her and was quickly carried up into the air. The screams of her companions brought out the old miller who, in his excitement, stopped the mill at once, thus throwing the girl from the vane to the ground, giving her painful though not fatal injuries. It might almost seem that the thrilling scene in the recent play "The Red Mill," where the heroine makes her escape by clinging to the ponderous vanes, was taken from this incident.

A cow chanced to come in contact with one of the mighty vanes and was instantly killed.

The *Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror* of February 16, 1834, advertised

"A mill for sale: The subscriber offers the mill called Eastern Grain Mill, now occupied by him, for sale. Please call on Jared Gardner."

Again, on June 23, 1840, it was advertised as follows:

"East Mill in good repair, will be sold, if applied for, on accommodation plan by subscriber, Jared Gardner."

It now became the property of one George Enos, who retained it till 1864, when he sold it to Captain John Murray, and he in turn sold it to John Francis Sylvia in 1866. It seems that he was the last owner and miller. After his death it was put up to be sold at auction. The bidding was fast and furious, the successful bidder being Miss C. L. W. French of Boston, who became possessor of this interesting landmark for the sum of \$850.00. Miss French, feeling that by rights of tradition and sentiment it should belong to the island, most generously presented it to the Nantucket Historical Association, who take great pride in keeping it in repair and exhibiting it to the summer people, of whom several thousands are said to make a pilgrimage to this relic of the past each year.

In 1834 there was a mill erected for the combined purpose of grinding corn and sawing logs, also staves for oil casks, etc. This one was operated by Simeon Starbuck and Philip H. Folger.

In 1875 Thomas Field erected a windmill on his house at North Liberty Street. The vanes were horizontal and are said to have worked nicely in certain winds.

A clipping taken from a Nantucket paper bearing date of March 18, 1865, under the caption of "The Tide Turned," is of interest.

"We have been so accustomed of late years to chronicle the removal of buildings from Nantucket, that we hardly know how to commence a paragraph giving information of one being brought here. Nevertheless we must make the record. An enterprising Portugene has purchased a grist mill at South Yarmouth and

brought it to the island. It will be erected on the hill in the lot known as the Samuel Meador lot, just Southwest of the dwelling house of the late Cyrus Hussey. This may be the beginning of the returning prosperity to the island so long predicted, and as such we welcome its arrival here."

It is sad to relate that so far as prosperity returning, in the way of manufactories of any kind is concerned, there doesn't seem to be any immediate prospect at least. It is said that within the last century there were sufficient cereals raised on the island to keep five mills in operation, but at the present time there is very little grain raised.

Of all the mills erected in Nantucket none are so interesting as the fulling mills of early date. The first one as erected at Wesco (now Lily) Pond, in 1666. This was destroyed by the dam giving way. Another one was built in its place in 1722. An incident is related "respecting the valley or gulley that leads from the Lily Pond" and is quite apropos at this place and serves to illustrate the serious consequences resulting often from very trivial acts:

"Love Swain, wife of George (maiden name Paddock), when about eleven years of age, left the Jabez Bunker house, which stood on the spot where James Athearn's house stands, to go home to her father, who lived on the north side of the Lily Pond. She saw that the pond was very high, it being about sunset. There being no person passing at the time, she took a shell and dug a little gutter, to see the water run. Childlike, she thought no harm would come of it.

It was a rising spot of land. There was a fort there, to guard against the Indians, in case of an attack, for sometimes they would threaten. It being Gardner's land, it was called Gardner's island.

After digging the gutter, to form a running stream that she might step across, she went home. She did not mention the circumstance before she went to bed. In the morning she was aroused by an outcry from her father. She lay and listened. He looked from the window and said to his wife, 'Oh, what a wicked work is here!' 'What is it?' his wife asked. He replied, 'Some evil-minded person has let the Lily Pond out. It has washed away

the sand and made a great gulley. The fulling mill is gone and the fences are torn up. Several small vessels, which lay in the creek, have met with damage. Some boats are stove to pieces, and a great deal of damage is done beside.'

The little girl lay still, hearing this talk. She was greatly alarmed, for well she knew that she was the author of it all. She quivered and shook, almost to an ague fit. She reflected on it, and decided not to tell anyone about it. It remained a profound secret until she was eighty years old, near the close of life. Then she sent for some of her neighbors and related this occurrence, which had taken place seventy years before."

A second fulling mill was erected at Mill Brook at the north end of Hummock Pond, at the west end of the island, in 1683.

In 1741 Tristram Starbuck and Zaccheus Macy constructed a fulling mill.

In 1661 Richard and John Gardner built a tide mill at the east end of Mill Brook. In 1673 they were employed by the town to build a fulling mill at Podpis (now Polpis). and in 1717 "Benjamin Swain was granted a stream of water to set up a fulling mill," but it seems that he failed to comply with the terms of the contract. A similar contract was awarded to Sylvanus Hussey and Stephen Coffin, Jr., in 1721 and another to "Hussey (alone) so long as he shall maintain dam and supply town's deeds."

In 1746 a contract was made with John Swain "and the town polled fifty pounds to erect this mill."

A mill was built at Podpis Neck in 1763 and the town allowed John Swain the privilege of removing it to set it up near one which was in use in 1786, providing he would put them both in good repair at his own expense, for which he was to be allowed the use of them for seven years. Some histories have it that the last fulling mill was situated at Podpis Neck, but from good authority it is stated that the last one was moved from there to Podpis in 1786. The last one on record was one erected in Shaw-

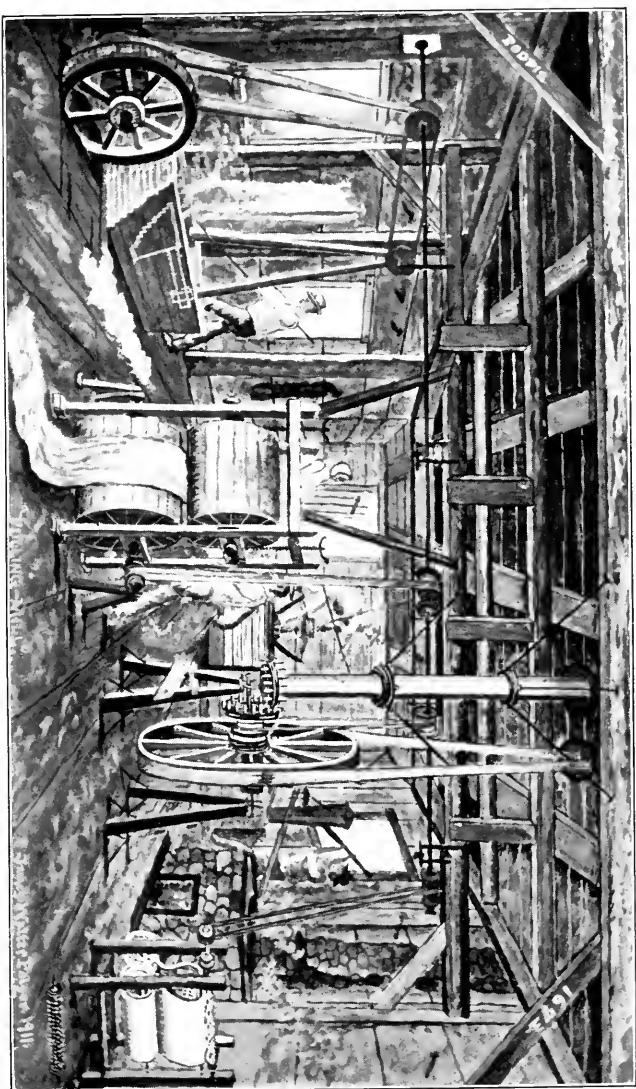
keemo in 1770 and was in existence as late as 1828 or 1830. A description of the working of the fulling mills may be of interest to the younger generation, to whom the word is an empty name only. The following descriptions were given by those who remember well the appearance and purpose of these once numerous mills.

In the early days there were many sheep raised on the island and from the wool cloth was manufactured on hand looms in the home. The cloth intended for men's wear was often four feet wide and very loosely woven. The next step in the process of manufacture would be to shrink the cloth to the width of a yard and this was done in the fulling mills, the following description being given by a woman who was employed in the mills on the mainland:

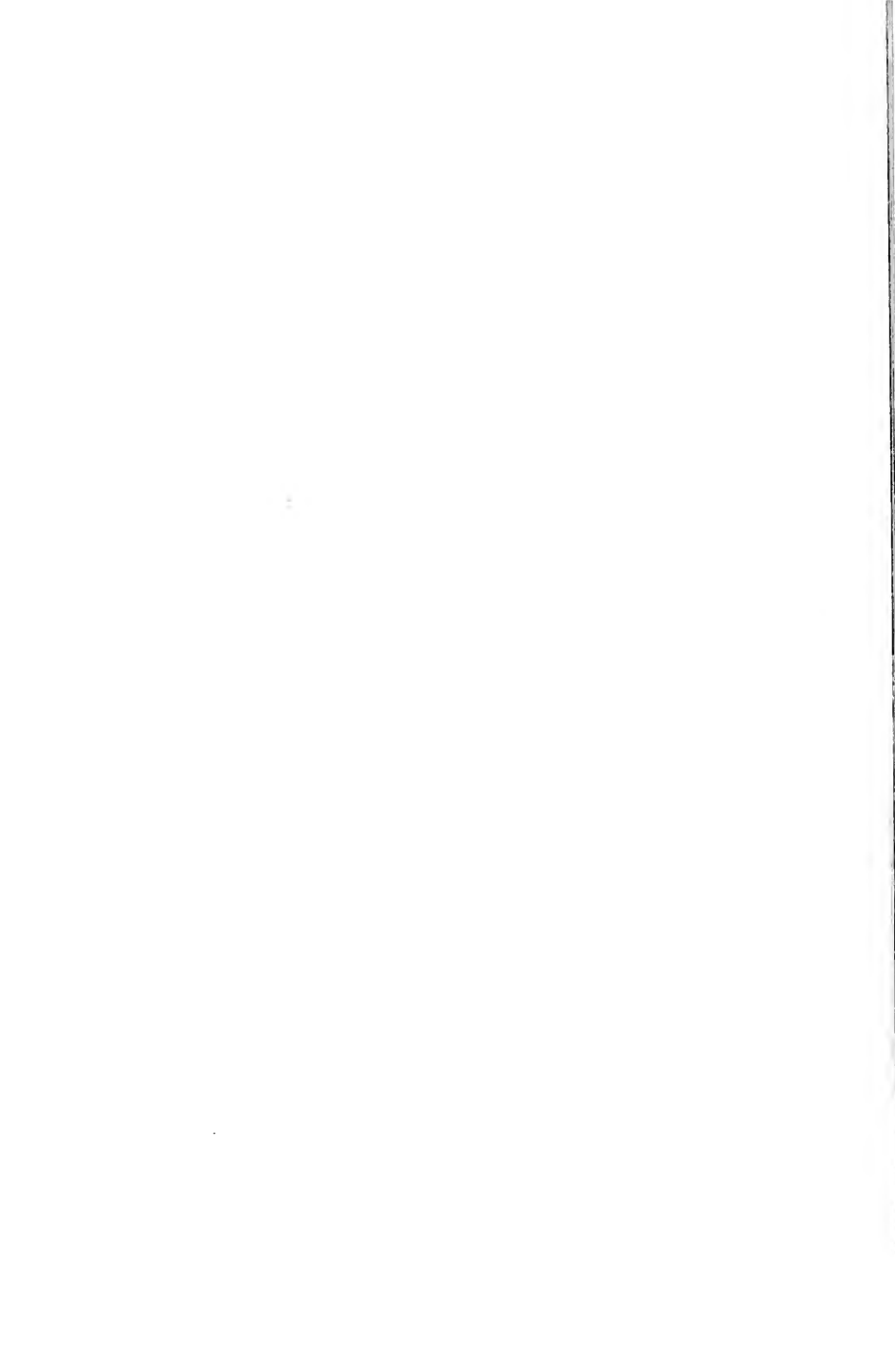
"A bolt of cloth, say thirty yards long, was put into the fulling box and given a bath of soda, ash and soft soap. A belt was connected with the wooden pulley on the main shaft and the two fullers started a back and forward motion alternately, causing the cloth to turn over constantly. The fullers were made of hard pine about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 2 feet high and one foot wide. The fulling room was 15×20 feet. In some mills there were large boxes with inlet and outlet of water for scouring the wool and also two large vats in brick work for dyeing wool. There was a large frame with a screw where a bolt of cloth was put in press. The legs of the fullers were perhaps ten feet tall. To get a shine on cloth made here they used to weave it pretty rough and shaggy in the looms, then sheared it in a machine, then into a heavy frame with heated iron plates between every few payers, then the mass of folds and iron plates, which were $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 1 foot and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, were screwed down with a powerful screw with a bar or fulcrum, 8 feet long. The iron wheel turned partially in a trough or depression in the floor, as its diameter was double that of its wooden companion."

Another description follows:

"When the cloth was taken from the fullers all steaming it was folded over a large wooden peg attached to the fulling mill box, then it was carried out and hooked on the tainter bars, which were



INTERIOR OF GINNING MILL.



built along the side of a lane near the mills, so it could dry without wrinkles. When dry it was brought in and put in a shear, a machine with a long twisted knife, that took off all the fuzz and long wool or hair, then it was taken from that and put in a napper, a machine with a long brush, which brushed the nap on the cloth all one way. When taken from this it was put on a bench and folded with thick paper square mats the width of the cloth, then put into a press and screwed down as tightly as possible, left there two or three days, then taken out and folded over flat smooth boards, when it was ready for sale."

In speaking of the manufacturing of cloth in those early days it has been said that

"the fulling mills of the old days were of necessity crude, yet from the results of their work it would appear that they did their work well. The working parts were simple, consisting of large wooden pestles moved by wind or water, as best served. The pestles worked up and down in a wooden trough, into which the cloth to be fulled or shrunk was put, together with water, sometimes soap, fuller's earth or other substance that served in those days to cleanse. The cloth immersed was worked and pounded for about two days and then dried, often being passed between large wooden rollers, which served to straighten and smooth it. This process rendered the cloth thicker, firmer and warmer, enhanced its wearing qualities and in the heavy weaves made it almost felt-like."

Most of the mills could be run by either wind or water power. There was a dam and sluice-way which carried the water into the wheel, in connection with the mill. The water wheel had a large shaft and at one end there was a wooden pulley connecting the mill with a bolt about fifteen feet long, while the mill itself would add about five feet.

There was a spare room at the rear of the mill and all around, except next to the dam, thus making a building some twenty-five feet square, backed up to a milldam and floor several feet below the level of said dam. There was no style to the architecture of a fulling mill. They were

simply barnlike structures, while the size of the dam would be governed by the size of the pond, but none of these artificial ponds were large. In some cases the dams were thrown across a bank where there was a slight fall of water, usually in a swampy place, and frequently a dyke was constructed partially around the pond, to retain the water, though in most cases the natural banks were sufficient. In short, the outside appearance of the old time fulling mills were not greatly unlike the water power cotton mills to be found throughout all parts of New England at the present time.

That the Nantucketers of the early days were busy people is shown by the fact that aside from the manufacturing of cloth, many other industries were carried on. At one time there was a rum distillery on the island, also brick kilns, one being located on Gull Island, back of Wesco (now Lily) Pond, another out by Water-comet, and one at the south part of the town, called the "Clay Pits," near "Goose Pond." There was also a brush factory located on Gay Street, where the High School now stands. All sorts of brushes were manufactured here from a toothbrush to a long-handled broom. There were also candle factories, where candles were manufactured from the blubber of the whales, three hundred and eighty tons of candles, six candles to the pound, making a total of 4,560,000, being the annual output of this commodity.

In the whaling days shipbuilding was quite an important industry, the yards being located on Brant Point. There were also a boot and shoe shop, a straw factory, which employed a number of young women, and another where mittens, stockings and various other useful articles were made.

Perhaps the most important manufactories were those known as "rope walks," for the making of whale lines and ropes of all kinds, from the size of twine to the heavy four-

strand ship's hawser. At one time there were ten of these rope factories in operation on the island. A brief description may not prove uninteresting. The rope walks were generally about four hundred feet in length and twelve feet wide. One end was only one story in height, containing several sliding shutters which were used in place of window blinds. The other section was two stories high, for the accommodation of the steam engine and large fly wheel. The length of the lines was sometimes sixty fathoms. In the process of rope-making, first, of course, was the spinning of the thread, which was made into a hank and this in turn was reeled on spools. These were placed up above on larger spools, some being two feet in length. In front of this rack was an iron plate filled with small holes and in front of the rack was a thirty-inch tube through which the strands passed. For an ordinary rope three strands were used, while for a ship's hawser four strands were necessary. Each strand of thread or yarn came from separate spools, passing into the perforated iron plates, thence through the tube, which twisted them together, forming the rope. A track, resembling that of a railroad, was laid the entire length of the inside of the building. On this track ran a machine which was employed in making the large hawsers for whale ships. The machine, having a rotary motion, caught up the strands as they passed through the tube, twisting them around a block of wood having three grooves, broad at one end and pointed at the other.

The hemp was stored in the second story, where it was carded. It was first whipped or flailed with a heavy block of wood which contained several pointed steel prongs, something like the fingers of a hand. The hemp being in layers, it was thrown forward, then back, as in carding wool. The Russian hemp was of dark color and was, therefore, used for tarred ropes, yarns backstays or block straps. Manila hemp was of light color and used for ship's sails,

whale lines, etc. Whale lines were made of hemp selected for its strength. In fact, everything in the shape of rope, standing riggings, whale and tow lines, were manufactured in the rope walks. In the very early times, before the use of engines, the fly wheel was turned by hand. At what was known as the "Deacon Riddle Rope Walk," John Addington was foreman and Edwin James was engineer.

A rope-maker's wage for sixteen hours a day was \$1.00 and was said to have been the first money paid for labor in Nantucket.

From the town records it is learned that on April 9, 1777, it was voted "That Benjamin Folger and Francis Joy may have the liberty to set Salt Works on Brant Point for twenty years, they paying a premium of one bushel of salt to the Proprietary for every one hundred bushels of salt by them made, they not improving more than two acres." It seems however, that this venture was not altogether successful, as the moisture incident to the heavy fogs, which were prevalent in the summer, prevented as speedy evaporation as the business required.

The following notice was published May 1, 1815:

"We, the subscribers, have taken the woolen factory belonging to Obed Mitchell adjoining New North Wharf, and inform our friends and the public, that we are well informed in the manufacture of wool and that we expect to devote ourselves to the carding of wool and dressing cloth for the public; we shall give strict attention to our employees and perform the business with dispatch, as the regular stock of the factory will be subordinate to our customers, and we hope to perform in order, which will merit future favors of our employers.

"FRANCIS & BURDICK."

The industry that made Nantucket famous was the whale fishery, which began in the year 1690 in the very simple style of fishing from boats just off shore. A recent writer tells, in a most facetious manner, that in early times a whale squirted oil into the air and the natives caught it as it

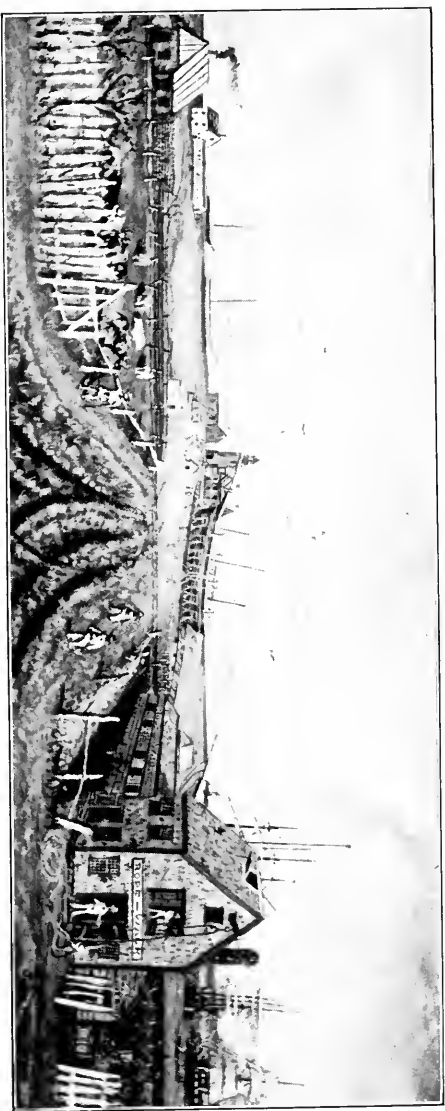
descended, and that the whales were so tame that "they would come up to the shore and eat ginger snaps from the open hand." Although this is a somewhat overdrawn statement of affairs, yet the early records tell that the whales were so numerous close into shore that they attracted the attention of the settlers and, as none of them were seafaring men, they went to Cape Cod to procure the services of Ichabod Paddock for the purpose of teaching the islanders the art of whaling.

At first the shore was divided into districts or beats, of which there were four, and each of these was patrolled by six men, while the business was carried on in common. The first ship, the sloop *Mary*, twenty-five tons burden, was built in Boston in 1694 and was bought by Richard Gardner and his partners in Nantucket in 1698. At first the crews of the whaling craft were the owners, but as business increased and the boats assumed larger proportions, both white men and Indians were employed. In the matter of payment the "lay" system was employed, each man being paid according to his ability. Even the apprentice had his share, thus making each feel his responsibility, "instead of sharpening the wits by the use of the cat, so prevalent among European sailors."

The first trust, or combine, was thus formed at this time. The whale fishermen soon had a corner on the whole industry, from boat-building to the cooperage. The workmen in all departments were stockholders and received a share in the proceeds in proportion to what each one had supplied. The industry increased so rapidly that in 1712 there were five sloops owned by the islanders and two years later the number had increased to nine, of which six were deep-sea going craft. In 1715 six hundred barrels of oil and eleven thousand pounds of bone were brought in, amounting to £1,100. By 1730 there were twenty-five whalers hailing from Nantucket, which brought into port oil and bone to the

amount of £3,200. From coast fishing the Nantucket whalers became traders in foreign ports, and in fact were known as ship-owners and merchants over the whole business world. It was no boy's play to capture the leviathans, as great dexterity was necessary in throwing the harpoon, for should there be a miss, with one lash of the mighty tail the boat would be crushed like an eggshell and the occupants, perhaps, drowned. A system of awards for efficient service was in vogue, pegs being given as medals. Very proud, indeed, was the young sailor who could display the largest number of pegs on his arrival home from a long cruise, and he was the envy of his less fortunate shipmates when, on attending a party or other public entertainment, the girls of the town lavished their best attentions on this hero of the briny deep. It has been said that the girls of Nantucket pledged themselves to marry no man until he had struck his whale.

Leaving the home waters, the whalers cruised along the Gulf Stream, south to the Hatteras Grounds and on to the coast of Cuba. Turning about, they cruised north and east to the banks of Newfoundland and even to the Azores and Madeira Islands. In the year 1712 Captain Chris. Hussey, probably a son of one of the original purchasers, while in command of an open boat, was blown away to sea. All hands labored with all their strength to reach land, but this they failed to do. As they were drifting on the open sea, through the perils of a winter's storm, a school of sperm whales suddenly appeared. These men had seen but one whale of this variety, it having floated ashore dead. This find spelled bonanza, for sperm taken from the cavity in the head was considered of great medicinal value, being a sure cure for a great many diseases and having a market value of eight shillings an ounce. So elated were the storm-tossed mariners at their find that, defying the spume-crested waves and biting cold, they set chase and having killed a whale, the oil oozing from its carcass smoothed the sea and



ROPE WALKS, CANDLE HOUSE AND SHIP-YARDS, FROM 1774-1850

they rode out the gale in safety. This was the first sperm whale killed by Nantucketers.

The following table will give some idea of the rapid progress of the whale fishery in Nantucket. This industry originated in 1690 in boats from the shore.

1715—6 sloops of 33 tons burden, obtained about 600 bbls. of oil and 11,000 lbs. bone, equal to £1,100.

1730—25 sail, from 38 to 50 tons, obtained annually about 3,700 bbls., at £7 equal to £3,200.

1748—60 sail, from 50 to 75 tons, obtained 11,250 bbls., at £14 equal to £19,634.

1756—80 sail, 75 tons, obtained 12,000 bbls., at £18 equal to £27,600.

1768—70 sail, 75 tons, obtained 10,500 bbls., at £18 equal to £23,600.

N. B. Ten sails were lost, part of which were taken by the French and the others foundered.

1770—120 sail, from 75 to 110 tons, 18,000 bbls., at £40 equal to £100,000.

From 1772 to 1775—150 sail, from 90 to 180 tons, upon coast of Guinea, Brazil and West Indies, obtained annually 30,000 bbls., which sold in the London market at £44 to £45, equal to £167,000.

2,200 seamen employed in the fishery and 220 in London trade.

The following is a list showing the number of whales caught off the shore around Nantucket in the spring of 1726 and the names of the captains:

John Swain	4	Nathaniel Allen	3
Andrew Gardner	4	Edward Heath	4
Jonathan Coffin	4	George Hussey	3
Paul Starbuck	4	Benjamin Gardner	3
James Johnstone	5	George Coffin	1
Clothier Pierce	3	Richard Coffin	1
Sylvanus Hussey	2	Nathaniel Paddock	2
Nathan Coffin	4	Joseph Gardner	1
Peter Gardner	4	Matthew Jenkins	3
William Gardner	2	Bartlett Coffin	4
Abisha Folger	6	Daniel Gould	1
Nathaniel Folger	4	Ebenezer Gardner	4
John Bunker	1	—— Staples	1
Shubael Folger	5		—
Shubael Coffin	3		86

By 1746 whaling had concentrated in Nantucket, 10,000 bbls. of oil being sent from there to Boston. Only three or four whales were caught off Cape Cod. The vessels were much enlarged by this time and were being fitted out to sail in foreign waters, going such distances that often four years would be spent on one voyage. Many sailed away from port with light hearts and keen anticipation, never to return, and while the widows left were sometimes inconsolable, it is worthy of note that one in particular saw fit to change her lonely condition and sought aid of the Legislature in her straits. Through the courtesy of one of Nantucket's ex-representatives, this incident is submitted:

“1724, November 24th, Petition of Dinah Coffin, of Nantucket, setting forth that her husband, Elisha Coffin, did on the 27th day of April, Anno Domini, 1722, sail from said island of Nantucket in a sloop, on a whaling trip, intending to return in a month or six weeks at most, and instantly a hard and dismal storm followed, which in all probability swallowed him and those with him up, for they were never since heard of. And your petitioner is by an act of this province hindered and restrained from marriage and thereby labors under the necessities of widowhood. Now, the prayer of your petitioner is that you graciously please to so far mitigate ye severity of that act that she may thereby alter her meaner circumstances.’ (Note: Dinah Coffin was the daughter of Peleg Bunker and at this time a blooming widow of 19, who some three years previous had married Elisha Coffin, son of James. Her elder sister, Priscilla, at or about the same time, married his younger brother, Joshua, and both bridegrooms sailed shortly afterward on the ill-fated sloop which was never heard from. The General Court promptly granted Dinah's petition and in one short month she laid aside the weeds of widowhood and altered her meaner circumstances by becoming the bride of James Williams. Priscilla subsequently married her cousin, Caleb Bunker, and became the ancestor of numerous descendants.)”

That Nantucket had her part in events leading up to the Revolution is shown by the fact that two of the whale ships sailing to London with cargoes of oil were engaged on their

return trip to carry tea to Boston. Upon arriving there they were greatly surprised at finding themselves to be guests of honor at the famous "Tea Party," the cargoes being promptly dispatched into the water.

The first American whaling fleet to cross the Equator sailed under the leadership of Captain Uriah Bunker of Nantucket. This voyage resulted in the discovery of the "Brazil Banks" and the seal rookeries off Cape Horn.

During the Revolutionary War Nantucket carried on the whaling trade, being the only port in America to do so at this particular period; but owing to the loss of many of her vessels the industry declined. At the beginning of the war the island could boast of more than one hundred and fifty vessels, while at the close there remained but three or four shattered hulks. There were two hundred and two widows and two hundred and forty-two fatherless children. From this account one can see how severely Nantucket suffered during those troublous times. Although she was declared neutral, she did not adhere strictly to that position, thereby forfeiting the protection from the Tory commanders she might otherwise have demanded. Lying, as the island did, directly in the track of British cruisers, many of the whalers returning from far-off waters were captured and their crews sent to the prison ships, which were more to be dreaded than death. Others perished at sea in consequence of venturing in vessels made light with a view to fast sailing.

In 1781 a slight revival in the whale fishery was experienced. Admiral Digby, a British commander, gave Nantucket permits for twenty-four vessels to pursue whale fishing. Several of these vessels were captured by American privateers, but were invariably released in port. Nantucket petitioned to the state of Massachusetts in 1782 to confirm these privileges by legislation. This petition was under consideration when the news of peace arrived in 1783. Nantucket had been greatly depressed and this privilege had

the effect of stimulating business activities. The resources of the island having been so depleted, it was with difficulty that the few vessels were fitted out under the permits. In 1784 the ship *Bcdford*, Captain Mooers of Nantucket, had the honor of being the first vessel to carry the new flag of thirteen stripes to a British port.

In 1785 it was considered necessary by Massachusetts to give bounties for the encouragement of the fishery, £5 per ton for white sperm oil, £3 for yellow and £2 for whale oil being offered. The first effect was propitious. Provisions had fallen in price so that outfits could be made economically, but the usual results from bounty-fed business followed in this instance. Many new parties having entered the pursuit, the increased quantity of oil found an unwilling market. Long privations had taught the people to avoid expensive oil and to make their own tallow light their homes. Even the lighthouses used substitutes for oil. Under these conditions crude sperm oil in 1786 fell to £24 per ton and head matter to £45 a ton. About the year 1788 there was an increase in the number of lighthouses and they were returning to their old system of lighting by sperm oil. This demand helped to raise prices. On the other hand, the catch of right whales had increased so much in the far-away seas that the market could not absorb the whalebone. One dollar per pound was a common price before the war and it now brought only ten cents. Nantucket was now fitting out as many vessels as her people could man for the chase. The Nantucket men were stimulated by the example of the China merchants, who were trading in the Pacific on the northwestern coast of America. A vessel had been fitted out in England during the war and manned by a Nantucket crew for the pursuit of whales in the Pacific. In 1789 the *Ranger*, Swain, master, returned to Nantucket from the Pacific with 1,000 bbls. of whale oil. Captain Swain thought no vessel would obtain so large a

cargo again, but in 1854 the *Three Brothers* brought 6,000 bbls. whale oil, 179 bbls. sperm oil and 31,000 lbs. of bone into Nantucket.

In 1791 *The Beaver*, of 240 tons burden, Captain Worth, was regularly fitted and sailed from Nantucket to the Pacific. Her cost with outfit was \$10,212. She carried seventeen men and could man three boats with five men each; there were generally two blacks, either Indians or negroes, included in each boat's crew. When in actual pursuit of the fish two men remained as keepers of the ship. In her cargo she carried 400 bbls. with iron hoops and about 1,400 bbls. with wooden hoops; 40 bbls. salt provisions, 3½ tons bread, 30 bushels beans and peas, 1,000 pounds of rice, 40 gals. molasses, 24 bbls. flour. These provisions lasted them her voyage, with the addition of 200 pounds of bread. It was known as the first voyage from Nantucket to the Pacific. After seventeen months' cruising she brought home 650 bbls. sperm oil worth £30 per ton, 370 bbls. head matter worth £60 per ton and 250 bbls. whale oil worth £15 per ton. Captain Worth gave an account of five vessels in the Pacific in February, 1793.

Whaling now extending to the Pacific Ocean, the western coast of South America was found to be a profitable resort, the ship *Washington*, Captain Coffin, having the distinction of being the first to hoist the "American flag in a Spanish Pacific port." In the early autumn of 1793 the *Union* left Nantucket, returning within a year with a prize cargo of over 1,200 barrels of oil. The Pacific abounded in sperm whales, of which the greater part of the cargoes consisted, although it was customary for the whalers, after rounding Cape Horn on the homeward voyage, to finish out the cargo with the less valuable oil of the right whale. Some of these voyages consumed only two years or less.

Another setback to the industry was caused by the War of 1812. At this time nearly all the Nantucket whalers

were off on voyages, but, hearing of the trouble, many of them returned to the island, while others put in at New Bedford and Boston. A number were captured by British cruisers, while those remaining in the Pacific fell a prey to the Peruvians, who laid claim to being allies of England till Captain David Porter, who afterwards was made admiral in command of the frigate *Essex*, succeeded in ridding the Pacific of both English and Peruvians.

At the outbreak of the hostilities Nantucket had a whaling fleet numbering forty-six, but during the war she lost half of these, yet so energetic and tenacious were these enterprising islanders that in 1820 they could boast of a fleet of seventy-two ships, aside from a number of smaller craft, such as sloops and brigs. Between this date and 1830 Nantucket enjoyed the height of her prosperity. Godfrey says of this period that

"This town was third commercial town in the Commonwealth,—Boston, Salem, Nantucket. There were great congregations in the churches; then solid men sat in the pews on Sundays and Nantucket churches were built out of full pockets as well as full hearts. The Unitarians, had they been so minded, were rich enough to build their church of mahogany and gild it all over."

Soon after this date a decline set in, and although for some years Nantucket returned her quota of whaling vessels, yet New Bedford superseded her as a whaling port. Then followed the introduction of lard oil and the discovery of petroleum; the supply of oils was greatly in excess of the demands. A great fire, which destroyed a million dollars worth of property, occurred in 1846 and finally the depletion of the male population, owing to the exodus to California in 1849, resulted in the complete suspension of this once famous industry.

In 1869 the last whale ship sailed out of port and with her departure the many industries incident to the whale fisheries gradually declined and the wharf, which had long

been the center of activity, became silent save for the sound of the restless waves which lapped ceaselessly against its foundations. And of that great fleet, whose sails had flown before the breezes of many seas and whose prows had touched at every port in the commercial world, there remained but the one, and of her it might well be said:

“Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted
And blown away like clouds.
And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished
As a sea-mist in the sun!”

stood until blown down during a heavy gale in 1774. From the records the following is taken :

"1774, June 17—Whereas, the inhabitants of the island of Nantucket have at their own cost at different times erected three lighthouses upon Brant Point; the first was destroyed by fire, the second by a violent gust of wind, the third now standing and absolutely necessary, but the burthen of maintaining ought in equity to be borne by the vessels receiving the advantage thereof.—Ordered that from and after the first day of August, 1774, all vessels of fifteen tons and upward coming in or going out by said lighthouse shall pay the sum of six shillings to the impost officer at the time of first going in or coming out and no further sum to be demanded of said vessel for the space of twelve months, the impost officers to pay the same to the selectmen of Sherburne to be applied for the maintenance of said light."

This house was also burnt in the fall of 1783, the loss being estimated at \$1,000.

The first lights were maintained by the merchants and shipowners, but later the town took possession and on June 23, 1795, Brant Point and lighthouse were ceded to the United States. It was not until 1856, however, that the present light was built. It is composed of brick and stone and contains a fixed light of the fourth order. It was in use until 1900, when a smaller wooden structure was erected down on the Point, as, after the jetties were constructed, the old light was found to be out of range for the boats in the harbor. The first lighthouse is said to be in such a perfect state of preservation that should the time ever come that it should be used again, there will be very few repairs needed.

The most important light on the island is that situated on Sankaty Head, on the outside of Nantucket, about a mile distant from Siasconsett. This house is composed of brick and stone and is seventy-five feet in height. It is fitted with a "Fresnal" light of the second order, and when in operation sends its rays a distance of nearly thirty miles. This lighthouse was built in 1850. Two other

lights are situated under the cliff on North Beach, containing lights of the reflecting order, one being red, the other white. These were first placed there in 1838 and are called the "bug lights." A stone tower containing a fixed white light of the third order is situated on Great Point, at the extreme end of the island.

Besides the lighthouses, Nantucket can boast of as efficient life-saving service as any in the world. There are four stations at as many different points on the island. The oldest one, situated at Surfside, was established in 1874. Great Neck Station is about six miles from the town, while the others, one at Muskeget and the other at Coskata, can be reached by boat. The entire Atlantic coast is guarded by these life-saving stations, there being two hundred and seventy in the system, maintained at a cost of one and one-half millions per annum. In the early days wrecks were quite numerous, but of late there have been comparatively few, owing, no doubt, to the vigilance exercised by the crews at the stations.

But one of the most distressing wrecks was that of the *Newton*, which occurred Christmas morning, 1865. This is recalled to the memory by an article in the *Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror*, of recent date, and is as follows:

"Forty-four years ago this (Christmas) morning, occurred what has been chronicled as the most distressing wreck on the shores of Nantucket Island—the loss of the ship *Newton*, a craft of 699 tons, which sailed from New York for Hamburg two days previous. Every person on board the ship was lost and there are doubtless many of our readers who can vividly recall the harrowing incidents of that Christmas day over four decades ago, which filled the town of Nantucket with gloom.

The wreck of the *Newton* followed closely upon that of the schooner *Haynes*, near Hummock Pond—two days before Christmas—which was also attended with terrible loss of life. The story of these two shipwrecks forty-four years ago this Christmas, was related in the columns of this paper on December 30, 1865, as follows:

'On Saturday morning last, a vessel was discovered ashore at the south side of the island, a short distance east of the Hummock Pond. Parties at once repaired to the scene of the disaster, and found her to be a large schooner, with no signs of life on board. It is probable that the crew abandoned her at the time she struck, and perished in their efforts to gain the shore. A sad sequel! On boarding her, she was found to be the schooner *Haynes*, of Boston, loaded with logwood. She ran ashore in the gale of Friday night. On Sunday forenoon following, the dead body of a man, about thirty years of age, was found upon the beach, immediately brought to town, and tenderly cared for. The feelings awakened by this unfortunate circumstance were gloomy, and great anxiety was expressed for the fate of others belonging to the stranded vessel.

Information concerning the sorrowful affair was promptly forwarded to the agent in Boston, who arrived here on Tuesday last. He was deeply pained at the sight. The body that was picked up he identified as that of the steward. The loss of the captain, who was an estimable man, was a personal grief to the agent, as he had brought him up from a boy. The awful news he must break to the captain's wife, who, with Christmas gifts, awaited—who shall say how fondly and devotedly?—the return of her husband. And he who was found dead, ah, somewhere, in some heart, his name is cherished, and loved ones look for his coming in vain!

While the heavy gloom yet rested upon our minds, early in the forenoon of Monday last (Christmas morning, although bright with sunshine, brought little of merriment to our hearts), Francis Sylvia came into town with the report that a large vessel had gone to pieces on the south side of the island, eastward from Madequecham Pond, and that the shore was strewn with barrels of kerosene oil.

But one of the crew reached the beach alive. He was found about half a mile inland, naked, and had probably reached the shore by swimming and is supposed to have started for the nearest house, and perished on the way. He was a man of about twenty-five or thirty years of age, and on his right arm were the initials "J. K." marked with India ink, and on his left arm, "C. U."

About noon, a life preserver was found, on which was painted, "Newton, Hamburg." By referring to New York papers, we find that the ship *Newton*, 699 tons, Captain Herting, cleared at New York on the 21st, for Hamburg. The following is the manifest of her cargo: 4,500 packages petroleum, 30 hhds. of bark, 18,000 staves,

463 bbls. rosin, and 40 tons of fustic. This is undoubtedly the vessel lost.

On arriving at the beach, a scene of desolation presented itself, the like of which was never seen upon our shores before, and the nearest approach to which, within our recollection, was that of the unfortunate brig *Packet*, lost near the head of Miacomet Pond somewhere about the year 1826, and from which but one man, the mate, was saved.

The beach, for miles and miles to the eastward of the wreck, was covered with fragments, broken small, as though by the force of an explosion—which many persons seemed to think had occurred—and everything goes to favor such an opinion. Large spars were broken off short, and we noticed an iron truss, the size of a man's arm, broken off short as a pipstem. A large iron tank lay one or two hundred yards east of the wreck, thrown like a plaything, high upon the beach, by the waves. The breakers were filled with barrels of oil, fragments of broken barrels and other articles of which her cargo consisted, while the iron hull itself seemed to be crushed like an egg-shell into a shapeless mass.

Many persons think the vessel must first have struck on the shoal "Old Man," and then driven over and drifted in; but a majority of our sea-going people think that the ship was steering an E.N.E. course, which the captain supposed would take him by the east end of the island, and that the ship did not strike anywhere until she brought up on our beach.

It is estimated that about 2,200 barrels of kerosene, together with a quantity of fustic, staves, etc., have been saved. The portion of the cargo secured has been taken possession of by Peter Folger, wreck commissioner.

Such terrible shipwreck and loss of life have no parallel in our island's history, since the loss of the prizes *Queen* and *Sir Sidney Smith*, near our shores, during the war of 1812-14. We remember the fate of the *Earl of Egdeuton*, and the five who found a watery grave within sight of those on the beach; but never before, nor since, has a calamity, so dreadful in details, visited our dangerous shores. Startling coincidence, that within twenty-four hours, two vessels should thus land upon our coast, and not a soul survive to tell the mournful story.

Along the line of beach, stretching as far as Quidnet, dead bodies have been seen floating in the surf, and afterwards thrown upon the sand. We wonder not that the threatening reefs that lie outside of Nantucket, are a terror to the mariner. The wreck of the *Central*

America, in mid-ocean, was not more frightful, the agony and distraction of those on board not more intense or thrilling, than the sad, sad experience of the ill-fated *Newton*. But the most heart-rending occurrence of all was the situation of that man who was discovered so far inland, with his face buried in the sand. We think of him as leaping into the cold sea, borne roughly to the beach by the wild surges. Pitiful, pitiful! He stood upon the sheerless shore, his mind clouded with fearful memories, his naked body exposed to the chill night air. Perhaps he saw a light. Hope revived. Ah, poor man, too worn with superhuman exertions, every pore of his skin choking with the merciless blast that howled across our commons, he pressed toward the light, praying only for life and shelter! But he could not reach it; he fell on his face, and with no kind hand to lift him up, no voice to revive the spark of hope, he died.

We have heard it suggested by many persons that hereafter, during the winter months, men be stationed in our humane houses; that lights be kept burning, so that the shipwrecked, if alive, may see and be saved. Such a provision would undoubtedly have revived this man's life, and one life rescued would more than pay for the small outlay required to keep these houses open in the winter season.

Among the articles washed ashore was a package of valuable correspondence, between the captain and his wife, written in the German language, dating from 1865 back to the year 1847, with letters from his little girl in the file. A few photographs and books were also picked up by some of our citizens. Since Monday, a number of bodies have been taken from the surf—thirteen in all—and brought to town, ten of which, it is thought, belonged to the *Newton*.

All were carefully placed in coffins and entombed in the Unitarian yard, and appropriate religious ceremonies will be observed over the remains of those to be buried.

Our hearts now offer the tenderest sympathy to the surviving friends of these loved and lost. The grave has claimed their bodies, but Humanity drops tears for the bereaved and Memory will ever preserve the mournful record. To look upon the ocean, now, is but to recall the sweet, sad lines of the poet:

"For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Tho' the harbor-bar be moaning!"

Appropriate union funeral services, in respect to the memory of the deceased, were held in the Methodist church, on Sunday afternoon, at two o'clock.

P. S.—The agent of the *Newton* arrived here Thursday, and reports that the ship sailed from New York on Saturday, and that he, with the pilot, left her off Sandy Hook at noon of that day. The *Newton* was a new ship, this being only her second voyage. The crew consisted of twenty-one persons, all told. The female apparel picked up belonged to the captain's wife. She had been with him on previous occasions, and intended to accompany him on this voyage, but altered her mind and remained at Hamburg."

Aside from being well supplied with lights and life-saving service, to Nantucket belongs the honor of having been selected as the first post in America where wireless telegraph messages are both received and transmitted. This station was established in 1901 and is situated at Siasconsett, at the extreme southeastern point of the island. In June, 1910, Congress passed what is known as the "compulsory wireless bill," which provides "that all vessels carrying more than fifty passengers and crew and plying on routes more than two hundred miles long must be equipped with wireless telegraph." This bill added a marked increase of work for the operators at 'Sconsett, as, being situated where it is, this station is in touch with nearly all the outgoing and incoming Atlantic steamships. Excerpts from an interesting article on the subject by W. M. Thompson in the *Boston Globe* give a clear idea of the real meaning of wireless telegraphy:

"Every ocean traveler by the great Atlantic ferry knows of the Siasconsett Station. Steamers are in touch with it from the time they clear New York harbor until their second day at sea, when outward bound, and come into its mysterious sphere when homeward bound the day before reaching port. When their ship 'turns the corner, at South Shoal lightship, forty-six miles from the tip end of Nantucket, the passengers see the farthest outpost of their own country.

The ships never come nearer the Siasconsett Station than forty-six miles; hence the operators at the station never expect to see a steamer in the blank waste of water seaward from their post. But the steamers are as much within their mental view as if they were

actually in their physical range of vision. The marvel of the wireless makes the transference of thought from the little station at the end of the Nantucket moors to the wireless room on the ship forty-six miles at sea instantaneous. Space and forty-six miles of shoals make no difference in the closeness of the touch.

The public is familiar with the Siasconsett Station through its great work in the *Republic* disaster, January 23, 1909, when the C Q D signal from the sinking liner, followed by messages that grew weak and flickering as her fires went out and her power ceased, was picked up at the station and word was flashed from there to half a dozen ships, who rushed to aid.

In all the excitement of the *Republic* disaster the station at Siasconsett worked steadily, the sole medium of communication between the rescuers and the shore. When the story of the marvelous service performed by the station first became known its operators were hailed as heroes. The wireless telegraph at that time was firmly placed on the pedestal of permanent success. Its experimental days ended with the picking up of the *Republic's* signal.

Yet in the various accounts of how the station picked up the call for help and relayed it to other ships, there was very little in the way of description of the station itself. That it stood on the far end of Nantucket was known. But no pictures were printed to show how the station looked.

Though the most important commercial wireless telegraph station in the country, that at Siasconsett is strikingly inconspicuous. It has no steel towers like that at Wellfleet, nor a great steel tube like the experimental station at Brant Rock, near Plymouth. Its two wood masts are 185 feet high. The towers at Wellfleet are 220 feet, and the staff at Brant Rock 420.

Between the two masts is the little telegraph house of one story, an insignificant building for the housing of such giant forces.

There is a little office, with a telephone. Off this is the operating-room, with what appears to be a surprisingly small amount of apparatus.

In the opposite end of the building is a kerosene engine, driving an electric generator. Both are of medium size. This and the two masts are the entire apparatus of the station; a decided contrast to the large amount of machinery of various sorts in the high-powered station of Professor R. A. Fessenden at Brant Rock. The difference in the two, the uninitiated will be told, is in the length of the wave employed in transmitting messages. The Siasconsett Station uses a wave of moderate length. The Brant Rock Station

uses an exceptionally long wave, to produce which high power is necessary.

The neighborhood of the station is both striking and lonely. The station stands back nearly half a mile from the sea, behind the little village of Siasconsett, which screens it from the edge of the cliff, in a large tract of pasture land, sloping gently to the west. The sea is not in sight from it. About half a mile northeastward is the tower of Sankaty Head Light. About the same distance southward is the long stretch of beach; but one must walk some little way from the station door to get a good glimpse of the shore in this direction.

The situation is like that of the rolling prairie country of the central West, particularly when one looks westward over the undulating moors of treeless Nantucket. In the immediate foreground are the greens of a golf club. On one side runs the road to Nantucket town, eight miles away. Scattering dwellings of Siasconsett come upon the east to within a few hundred yards.

Such is the stage setting of the little house of mystery in which the operator sits always at the instrument, an audiphone clamped to his ear, talking with ships at sea without ever seeing one of them, and his gaze resting, when he chances to look out of the window, on a scene that might be part of a landscape in Montana.

* * * * *

When the mists and storms of winter wrap the lonely and almost deserted little village in their embrace Siasconsett is a lonely place for men trained in the outside world. The few fishermen there are not congenial company. The little train no longer puffs and jolts its daily way to Nantucket. 'Sconsett is physically cut off from the world.

Yet the operator at his key in the little house, with the snow swirling about it and the wind making melancholy music in the guys of the masts beside it, has no time to be lonesome.

He is bearing a part in the burden of the world's work. He is a new and important cog in the machinery of modern society.

Assuming that it is a stormy winter's evening, one may catch a glimpse, through a typical incident, of the work done at Siasconsett.

Up in town the actors who have had their hour on the Siasconsett stage in summer are now busy 'making up' for their night's work. The audience is arriving. Outside the snow falls, on a street ablaze with lights. Taxicabs are dashing back and forth, filling the street. An auto and a taxi, skidding in the snow, crash

together. A man is hurt, seriously, perhaps fatally. He is well known and rich. His family has left New York that day on the *Mauretania* for Europe. They must be notified. The message is sent. The operator at lonely Siasconsett takes it from the land line and ticks it off on the snow-laden air.

In less than an hour after the accident the family of the injured man, dashing through the wintry seas at thirty miles an hour 200 miles from land, have received the news of the trouble and have made their plans to return by the next steamer. A message to this effect comes back out of the air and the sufferer is comforted.

Such is the working of the wireless at Siasconsett. The operator, always on the job, is the link between the land and the sea.

Every kind of message sent over land wires, and some unknown before the wireless came in, are handled at Siasconsett. Love and death, marriage and birth, ambition, despair, philanthropy, villainy are subjects of the wireless dispatch. Some apparently simple message is in code, concealing a plot to rob a bank or destroy the good name of a woman. Others in plain language contain family secrets it would not be well for the sender to have known.

The operator is a repository of secrets; therefore every communication is sacred. There can be no 'leak.'

There is always some one on duty in the little wireless house at Siasconsett.

There are three shifts a day. The first watch begins at midnight and lasts until 8 A. M. The next is to 5.30 P. M. and the man who comes on at that hour stays on duty until relieved at midnight.

The busiest part of the day is the late afternoon and early evening. After the stock market has closed messages are sent to sea giving the closing, and on other business matters. Social messages are then numerous also, the day's work being done ashore, and social matters coming to the fore.

Saturday is the station's busiest day. Several liners sail from New York on that day, and there are always three or four coming in. The station is always in touch with three or four steamers, while there may be ten or a dozen within its working radius, 240 miles. Unlike land telegraph, the wireless station can receive messages through only one operator at a time. Messages therefore must wait their turn. If six ships are in touch and each has ten messages, the sixty messages must be handled by one man; whereas on a land line, working with four operators or one quadruplexed wire, fifteen messages could be received by each of four operators and the business cleaned up in one-fourth the time.

If the *Lusitania*, for example, sends three messages, and has no more, the operator can notify the next ship with messages to send, and begin receiving from her.

In this way the station may handle thirty or more messages an hour, although on continuous work a speed of thirty words a minute is attained.

The cost of a wireless message from sea to New York or the reverse is \$3.85 for ten words of text. The address and signature are not charged for.

At this cost most of the messages are condensed to ten words. But there are times when press dispatches are being received, and that means thousands of words.

The Siasconsett station handled its greatest amount of press matter in a given time during the *Republic* disaster, when about 20,000 words of 'press' passed through the station in thirty-six hours.

It also had a tidy amount of press matter to handle when Colonel Roosevelt returned from his foreign trip on the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*.

The ship came into touch with Siasconsett at 4 A. M., and was in touch until 1 the next morning, when her business was taken on by the station at Sagaponack, L. I.

The operator at Siasconsett knew when to expect the *Kaiserin*, and knew what to expect when she came into touch. He was not surprised, therefore, when at 4 A. M. 3,000 words of press matter began to come out of the air, telling of the colonel's movements, his statement that he would not talk politics, his hand-shaking in the steerage, his married daughter's toying with a cigarette on deck and various other matters.

Direct connection was obtained from Siasconsett by the cable to Wood's Hole with the land lines, which connected up loops with the various newspaper offices taking the service. The Roosevelt press matter, therefore, was sent practically without interruption direct from the steamship at sea to the telegraph desks of the newspapers of Boston and New York.

This service was the best illustration to date of the lavish use of the wireless by the press at a time when no emergency prompted its employment.

Wireless telegraphy, like the old-fashioned kind, begets a fellowship between the operators that makes the work interesting. The operators at Siasconsett know the work of all the operators on the leading transatlantic ships. They can tell at once when there has been a change in the wireless room of a ship. The largest ships

carry the most expert operators, but even among the 'crackerjacks' in the business there is a difference in style of sending that is noticeable to the trained ear of the expert at the receiving instrument.

This sense of companionship makes the wireless operator independent of his surroundings while at work. There are also other reasons why he is a self-contained person. There is a lure in the key itself that keeps the operator on the job in lonely Siasconsett when he might be working in some far more lively place.

The whole sea is his field of labor. There is a fascination in the thought that he can reach out through darkness and storm and pick out a ship at sea, and on her cause to be delivered to a passenger a message from his home on land. There is fascination, too, in the thought that he may come into touch at any time, through freak conditions, with a ship hundreds of miles beyond his normal sphere.

All the great armada of Atlantic liners are in a way the wards of the wireless operator. He feels this, and the grip on his imagination is subtle and powerful.

* * * * *

The signal for help, formerly C Q D, is now, by international agreement, S O S. This call has not yet been heard at Siasconsett, but there is no assurance that it will not be; and when on duty the operator has his ear open every second for S O S. If it comes he may be depended on to act with decision.

The famous *Republic* call came in the morning, about 6 o'clock. Faint and flickering, it might have missed the ear of any but an alert operator. Catching it meant the saving of many lives.

Each one of the 439 passengers saved from the *Republic* has reason to consider Siasconsett a shrine to which he might with profit travel to give thanks for his preservation.

The visitor to the wireless station may be at loss to know how the operators keep track of the ships with which they are expected to work.

The answer is simple. Every month the company operating the station issues in England a 'communication chart,' showing all the sailings of transatlantic ships for the month.

The ports of departure and arrival and the various wireless stations and certain positions at sea are shown in heavy horizontal lines. Each date has a column representing twenty-four hours. A vessel's course is shown by a line drawn from the date of her departure, starting on her port line, to the date of her arrival on the proper port line.

The crossing of the lines show the date and approximately the hour at which a vessel may be expected to come into the sphere of each wireless station.

The chart looks complicated, with its many crossing lines. In practice its use is very simple, and by means of this chart, and the track chart showing the courses of steamers across the Atlantic, the wireless operators are able to keep track of every ship that crosses the Atlantic, knowing where each ship should be at every hour of the day during her passage. If the ships are making schedule time the operators know when they should be able to talk with each other and when they should go out of touch with each other."

Not only from the island do the lights flash as the darkness gathers, but from the surrounding waters can be seen the twinkling rays cast from the lightships which rock and roll above the numerous shoals that lie hidden beneath the waves. From Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard to Nantucket the Sound is decked with myriad lights, even as the firmament is studded with stars. The more dangerous shoals are named and the attendant lightship is known thereby. The ones with which all travelers from the mainland are the most familiar are Cross Rip, Handkerchief, Hedge Fence, and Great Round shoals. The lesser rocks which might prove a menace to an incautious seaman are faithfully guarded by a bell buoy, whose tones float musically across the watery waste. As one sits and looks out over the harbor in the twilight of a summer evening and the lights begin to twinkle far away in the sea, the words of the old song insinuate themselves into one's musings:

"Now, in the gloaming and the hush,
All nature seems to dream;
And silently and one by one
The soft lights flit and gleam.
I sit and watch them from the shore,
Half lost in reverie,
Till darkness hides the waves between,
The lights far out at sea."

CHAPTER X

Here a Little and There a Little



HAT Nantucket suffered greatly from the ravages of the enemy during the War of the Revolution has already been told. In the beginning the inhabitants of the island thought, as did some others in the Civil War, that the trouble would amount to very little and would soon blow over, but subsequent events proved what poor prophets they were in both cases.

Upon receipt of the news of the Battle of Lexington business was immediately suspended and everyone seemed overcome with anxiety concerning the ultimate fate of the island. Many of the men were at sea on whaling voyages, others joined the Continental Army, while others went aboard the privateers which cruised along the coast. Twenty-one out of the one hundred and thirty-one which comprised the crew of the *Ranger* under John Paul Jones were Nantucket men. Whaling being at a standstill, fishing from the shoals was undertaken, but owing to the high price and scarcity of salt this did not prove a successful venture. Indeed, they were put to severe stress because of a threatened famine of both food and fuel. At last small boats were run out as far as Connecticut, where salt and other necessities were obtained; with these things and the bread-stuff raised on the island starvation was averted. Corn was \$3.00 a bushel and flour \$30.00 a barrel. The fuel famine was not to be feared so greatly because of the peat bogs and smaller trees of shrub oaks, cedar and juniper which grew further up the harbor near Coskata. A few of the more venturesome seamen undertook to run small craft out to the West Indies, where they obtained salt and

other produce, which, owing to the high prices then prevalent, would have meant a lucrative business had not the English obtained possession of so many of the coast towns and patrolling the waters round about with privateers which intercepted the home-coming cargoes of the Nantucket sailors and, capturing the crews, oftentimes sent them to the prison ships, where many of them died from the privations to which they were subjected. A petition was sent in to the Massachusetts Bay Council, a copy of which was published in the *Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror* of February 1, 1873, and runs as follows:

"To the Honorable Council of the State of Massachusetts Bay. The petition of EDWARD GRAY in behalf of WILLIAM ROTCH and others as per schedule annexed, merchants and inhabitants of Nantucket,—

Humbly sheweth, That, by an act laying an embargo upon all shipping they are prevented procuring their Summer supply of salt, which is absolutely necessary for them to carry on their Fishery. The whale fishery, which was their dependence, being now entirely stopped they are obliged to recur to the Cod Fishery for a support, which cannot be carried on without salt and unless they have the liberty granted them to procure it they cannot subsist.—That the island, from the nature of its soil, is incapable of producing corn or other grain sufficient for one quarter of the inhabitants; that formerly they wholly depended upon Philadelphia, New York and Long Island for their supplies, which resources are now to be cut off. Unless they can procure corn, etc., they must be reduced to the greatest distress.—That previous to passing the act, Mr. Rotch had prepared a vessel ready to take on board a cargo he had already purchased, consisting of 10 M lumber, 60 barrels pickled fish, 180 shook hogsheads and hoops for the voyage, all of which are now upon hand and if the Fish is not allowed to be exported it must inevitably spoil.—That Mr. Rotch had a large sum of money in the hands of a French merchant in Hispaniola, which if not speedily secured, will be wholly lost.

All these reasons your petitioner humbly begs your Honor would take into consideration and grant liberty to the several to proceed their voyage and your Petitioner, as is Duty bound, will ever pray.

EDWARD GRAY.

SCHEDULE.

Owners' Names.

William Roth
Do.
Samuel Starbuck
Do.
Benj. Barney

Masters' Names.

Jonathan Downes
John Elkins
Joshua Gardner
Stephen Fish
David Paddock

Vessels and Names.

Schoo. Nightingale
Sloop Sandwich
Brigg Katy
Sloop Dolphin
Schoo. Olive Branch

Where Bound.

1—Hispaniola
2—For Salt
3— Do.
4— Do.
5— Do.

In Council, February 17, 1777.

Read and Committed to the Committee on similar petitions.

JOHN AVERY, *Dep'y Sec'y.*

In Council, February 19, 1777.

Read and ordered that the prayer of the above Petitioner be granted.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY,
COUNCIL CHAMBER, February 19th.

To the Naval Officer for the Port of Nantucket.

Permit the Schooner Nightingale, Jonathan Downes, Master; the Sloop Sandwich, John Elkins, Master; the Brigg Katy, Joseph Gardner, Master; the Sloop Dolphin, Steven Fish, Master; and the Schooner Olive Branch, David Paddock, Master, provided said vessels be wholly manned with Quakers, to take on board pickled fish and lumber and proceed on their said voyage to the French or Dutch West India islands, the masters of which giving bond that they will import in said vessels into this state West India Produce and Salt. The dangers of the enemy and seas excepted.

By Order of Council."

Sacking and burning of the town was threatened in 1779, but the elements played an important part, as a storm forced the ships to stay at the Vineyard for several days, where negotiations were successfully carried on, the

British vessels returning to New York, leaving the island in security. Be it said to the credit of the British commanders that this adventure was made without their consent.

In April, 1779, about one hundred armed men landed, under the command of George Leonard, a Tory, and robbed the stores and business houses, leaving with a booty of "£10,665—13s—4d (lawful)." That the General Court objected most strenuously to the islanders carrying on negotiations with the British is proven by an excerpt from the records of June 23, 1779:

"It appearing by sundry intercepted letters that several inhabitants of the island of Nantucket have been discovered in a design to carry on a correspondence and trade in an unjustifiable manner with the British troops at Newport and New York, to the injury of the cause of the United States; and the town of Sherburne as a town on said island appears in some measure guilty of violation of their fidelity to said United States by sending a committee to convey their memorial in an unwarrantable manner to the commander of the British troops at Newport and New York * * * * the said inhabitants are hereby strictly forbidden to send any memorial or have any communication with the enemies of these United States, without first obtaining leave of this General Court."

Though the condition of the people was pitiable at the end of the war, yet with brave hearts they gathered up the broken threads of commerce and within a short time had engaged in whaling and other business pursuits with their usual ardor. It is stated on good authority that 1,600 Nantucket men lost their lives during the Revolution. A recent writer says, "Without doubt Nantucket paid as dearly for the independence of the country as any place in the Union."

The people had not fully recovered from the Revolution until mutterings and threats of another war became rife, to which the islanders turned a deaf ear. War was declared, however, in June, 1812, and it seemed to these

sturdy islanders that they were to have more than their share of suffering and privation. They sent a memorial to President Madison, seeking protection. This resulted in no relief whatsoever and in their extremity a committee was sent with a petition to the commander of the British fleet, Admiral Cochrane, asking for a permit which would enable them to obtain supplies from the mainland. This permit was granted, providing that the people of the island should observe a strict neutrality and should not pay any "direct taxes or internal duties for the support of the United States Government." Some relief was obtained from this indulgence, but owing to the British privateers infesting the waters close at hand, it was almost suicide to try to run the blockade. At the news of the treaty of peace having been ratified the people went wild with joy. Business was once more resumed, but so heavily burdened was the island with the care of the poor and the heavy taxes levied, that it was a long time before any degree of prosperity was enjoyed. In fact, many of the families were forced to seek more favorable locations on the mainland.

It may be safely stated that there is a greater amount of patriotism to the square inch in Nantucket than any other place on the globe. She gained the title of the "Banner town of the Commonwealth" by sending into the army and navy during the Civil War 339 men, this being "56 more than her quota." In Monument Square is a monument erected to the memory of seventy-four Nantucketers who gave their lives to their country, and no town in the United States can boast of more enthusiastic patriotic societies than the Nantucket G. A. R. and W. R. C. In speaking of patriotism, it seems that a few stanzas composed by a Nantucket woman in 1862 may not prove inappropriate at this place. The composer, now a dear old lady, sat and dictated the lines with no hesitation whatever,

although they have never been published and years had passed since their last recital:

"To our Father's God ascendeth,
From this island of the sea,
Prayers for all our brethren
Laboring that our country may be free;

That the spirit of oppression
Shall yet stay its mighty hand
For a mightier power's prevailing
With the spirit of the land.

And may every son and daughter,
Loving liberty and God,
Rise with unity of purpose,
Labor for a great reward.

If to save a glorious structure
You may find a warrior's grave,
Yet they live in future ages
Who our noble union save.

Wave, oh! wave, our flag of freedom
Till the world shall be no more
And its brave supporters
Gathered home on the eternal shore."

It must not be assumed the islanders' lives were spent in war or rumors of war, for on the whole they led almost ideal existences in this highly favored retreat. From the first the settlers were given to pastoral pursuits, none of them being seafaring men. The land, which was held in common, furnished fine pasturage for sheep and in 1775 there were over 15,000 head roaming over the commons. Of course these animals had to be sheared and the time set for this was the Monday nearest the twentieth of June, and was one great festival from start to finish. At one time there were so many sheep on the island that two shear-pens were necessary, one being near the western end



SHEEP SHEARING



of the island at Maxcy's Pond, while the other was located at Gibb's Pond, near the eastern end. As shearing time approached great preparations were made by the female contingent. The baking and brewing continued for several days previous to the event; then, with baskets packed to overflowing with cakes and pies and eatables of all descriptions, jugs filled with home-brewed cinnamon beer, the family would climb into the cart and away for the shear-pens. All other business was at a standstill, strangers often coming from the mainland to witness the washing and shearing.

The sheep were first driven into a pen, which was near the pond; here they were caught and washed, then driven into the shear-pen, where they were held down and sheared. At the first shearing the sheep were often so wild that they resisted to the point of injuring the shearer. An expert was able to take off a fleece in ten minutes. After the sheep at the western pens had been disposed of the whole company repaired to the eastern district and the same performance was gone through. After the shearing was over came the real festivities. There were eating and drinking and dancing. The tailboard of a cart was sometimes taken off and two dancers would begin, using the board for a dance floor. A fiddler would play some lively tune and to this accompaniment they would sway and prance until the board would be completely demolished. Tents were put up over a plank platform for the general dance hall. It is said that one summer it was so cold in June that the shearing had to be deferred on account of the temperature of the water. The last shear-pen was situated at Miacomet Pond and 1847 witnessed the last shearing in the history of the island. The scarcity of feed and the depredations committed by the dogs that had become very numerous were the primary causes for the decline of this once lucrative industry. A legislative enactment of July, 1738, reads:

"Whereas, much damage has been done by mischievous and unruly dogs in worrying and killing sheep and lambs on the island of Nantucket by reason of the great number of such dogs being kept by Indians as well as English inhabitants;

It is made lawful for anyone to kill any dog and whoever shall presume to keep such dog shall forfeit £1 to be sued for and recovered by the major part of Selectmen of town of Sherburne. Act to remain in force five years."

On April 25, 1772, the "Act concerning unruly dogs renewed." The evil not having been mitigated entirely, in 1797, March 3d, "The Act concerning unruly dogs made Perpetual."

One often hears marvelous stories concerning fish, but some of those relating to the Nantucket sheep are equally incredible. Once upon a time, so the story goes, after an unusually heavy fall of snow, which was crusted over sufficiently hard to bear up a sleigh, two sheep owners started out to look up their flocks. Going up by the old mill they saw steam arising from under the crust and, on examination, found the sheep huddled together under the snow. A number of the smaller ones had been trampled to death and the remaining ones were eating the wool from the dead ones.

The sheep of early times were very gentle and if a door should be left open they would walk into the house without ceremony. It was almost impossible to raise a garden because they became so wise and alert that no ordinary fence would prevent their entering and destroying everything green in sight. One man who had taken great pride in his garden built a very high board fence around it, hoping by this means to keep the marauders from doing any damage. Imagine his dismay on rising one morning to find everything trampled into the ground. The queerest part of all was that the fence stood intact, not a board out of place, and no place visible where the sheep could have gained an entrance. The gardener decided to sit

up the next night and watch. His vigil was soon rewarded, for through the dark he could make out the forms of an approaching flock. Several of the sheep lined up close to the fence, then the ones just in the rear sprang upon the backs of the first ones, the next in the rear jumped on to the ones in front of them, until the proper height having been reached, the sheep sprang nimbly over the fence and proceeded with their work of destruction. Tradition sayeth not whether they employed the same means to get out and one is led to wonder what sort of sign was used among the woolly miscreants in order for them to understand whose turn it was to get the "garden sass." The sheep are now gone from the moorlands and the trials and joys connected with them have been relegated to the storehouse of memory, in company with other relics of the golden past.

It might be said of the first settlers that they had had a surfeit of religion as it was taught in the colonies, for Ewer says of the white population of the island that "up to 1704, for nearly half a century, the whites had no religious teacher and were without a church; probably the solitary exception in New England." There were a few Baptists, Presbyterians and one or two Quakers, and as these latter have had a chapter to themselves, it is but fair to the other denominations that they should receive brief notice, to say the least.

It is quite probable, although of that there is no positive proof, that the Congregationalists may have formed an organization on the island as early as did the Friends. It is simply a matter of tradition that the "Old North Vestry" was erected in 1711, but it is safe to make the assertion that this society was formed no later than 1725, as it stands on record that about this time Mr. Timothy White began "preaching the Gospel at Nantucket." He was the first pastor, but was not an ordained minister. Rev. Dudley

says that Mr. White "served under the auspices of the Society for Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, as superintendent of the religious work among the Nantucket Indians, as a teacher of a private school and as a preacher to the congregation of the First Congregational Church." In 1765 the "Vestry" was moved from the site it had formerly occupied at the north of No Bottom Pond, to Beacon Hill, where it stood for a period of nearly seventy years on the site now occupied by the Congregational church, being moved back in 1834 to give place to the present edifice. It is now at the rear of the church, and while it was once the center of Nantucket's religious life it is now used as a Sunday-school room and vestry. The portraits of many noted speakers of both sexes adorn its walls.

A Methodist society was formed in 1799, under the leadership of Jesse Lee, Joseph Snelling and George Canon.

William Beauchamp was the first regular pastor, and while at first the meetings were held in the town hall, a church was built and dedicated on New Year's Day, 1800, and was distinguished by the undignified title of "Teazer." Many a Quaker was excommunicated for attending services at this meeting.

The Second Congregational church, which is situated on Orange Street and is possessed of the gilded dome that stands a landmark for the entire island and contains the town clock and much storied Spanish bell, was built in 1809, and now accommodates the Unitarian branch of the Congregational society. Rev. Dudley says of this church that "it was an offshoot from the First Church, started as a protest against the undue strictness and close surveillance exercised over its members by that church in the matter of recreations and amusements, rather than a withdrawal on account of any wide divergence on the question of doctrinal belief." The first pastor was the Rev. Seth F. Swift, and the present one is the Rev. John Snyder.

In the year 1839 the first Baptist church was organized. Rev. Daniel Round, Jr., was its first pastor; the Rev. P. B. Covell being the present incumbent.

The Protestant Episcopal church was organized in 1838, and a church was built in Broad Street. This was burned in 1846 and as the society was in debt the land was given over to creditors.

In September, 1846, the organization was dissolved, to reform the same year. A church was built in Fair Street and dedicated in 1850. A magnificent stone edifice, a memorial presented to the parish by Miss C. L. W. French of Boston, occupies the site on which stood the former less pretentious church. Rev. E. L. Eustis is its present rector.

The Roman Catholics held services on the island as early as 1849, the town hall being used for that purpose. There is now a strong organization of this sect in Nantucket, some of the wealthiest and most noted summer residents being regular communicants.

It seems from a reading of the records that the early settlers were as tardy in regard to education as they were in organizing religious societies. While, no doubt, there was a certain amount of home teaching, yet it was not until 1716 that a regular master was employed, and this, the records state, was Eleazer Folger, who for his services for one year received the munificent sum of three pounds. From that time on educational methods must have continued in their primitive simplicity until 1827, when the first public school was established, despite vigorous protests from many of the inhabitants, who styled it a "charity school." So popular did the system become, however, that in less than half a century there were twelve of these schools in the various districts, employing thirty teachers, while the aggregate number of pupils was nearly twelve hundred.

A contract was let in 1796 for the building of a school-house, the cost to be not over nine hundred dollars.

In 1838 the High School was established, with Cyrus Pierce as principal. This is situated on what is known as Academy Hill, the present structure being built in 1854.

The Coffin School, now used in connection with the public school, was founded by Sir Isaac Coffin in 1827, for the descendants of the Tristram Coffin of early settlement fame. Admiral Coffin was a native of Boston and, after serving a number of years in the British Navy, the English Government presented him an estate situated at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River.

On a visit to Nantucket he became so impressed with the number of kinsmen he found residing there that he felt impelled to do something that would not only be of lasting benefit to them, but would serve as a memorial to himself as well. This school is said to have cost him an earldom and nearly lost him his baronetcy, as it was reported in England that he had fitted out a vessel from his Lancasterian school, to make master mariners of them. This, of course, was looked upon by England with stern disfavor and when his name was placed upon the king's list as a candidate for the peerage the ministers promptly rejected it "on the ground of his strong attachment to his native country." (*Coffin.*)

Owing to the decline in both population and wealth the admiral's endowment of £5,833 was found insufficient for its support. It was, therefore, closed in 1898, but in 1903 it was opened up as a manual training school.

On looking over some of the schoolbooks of the early days one comes across some very abstruse problems, several of which are well worth copying.

"Question: What is reduction of numbers? Ans. Reduction teacheth to reduce or bring any sum of money, weight or measure from one denomination to another of equal value, in doing of which it is to be observed that if a great denomination is to be reduced to a small one it is done by multiplication; but if a

small denomination is to be brought to a great one it is performed by division."

"1.—To reduce \$ to cts.—place cyphers to right of \$ and the work is done."

"2.—The mean time of lunation, that is from new moon to new moon, is 29 da. 12 hr. 44 min. 3 sec. and a Julian year consists of 365 da. 6 hrs. I demand then, how many lunations are contained in 19 Julian years?"

"3.—How many different ways can four common dies come up at one throw?"

Suppose one undertake to throw an ace at one throw with four common dies, what probability is there of his effecting it?"

(By the last question four common dies can come up 1296 different ways with and without the ace, and by a like computation they can come up 625 ways without the ace, therefore, there are 671 ways wherein one or more of them may turn up an ace. Therefore, the undertaker has the better of the lay in the proportion of 671 to 625.)

$$5 \times 5 \times 5 \times 5 = 625$$

$$1296 - 625 = 671$$

$$1296 = 6 \times 6 \times 6 \times 6$$

The following definition for Writing was taken from an old copybook:

"Writing is of all arts universally admitted to be that which is most useful to society. It is the soul of commerce, the picture of the past, the regulator of the future and the messenger of thought."

It may truthfully be said that Nantucket can boast of as fine a school system as any in the state. This is proven by the enviable records made in the colleges by the boys and girls who have graduated from the home school. The High School is situated on an eminence from which much of the surrounding island can be seen. As one of the teachers remarked recently, "Every point within view has some historical significance." From one window the pupil may see the memorial tablet that marks the site of Abiah Folger's birthplace; from another the oldest house on the

island is visible; while far over on the cliff stand two cottages built by the greatest mountain climbers in the world, Dr. and Mrs. Workman, and across over the moors are visible the few headstones that mark the spot where

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep."

The interior of the school is well equipped for study; on the walls are hung the portraits of many famous men and women, while across the front of the assembly-room is draped the flag adopted by the school, a white background with a blue whale spouting blood, thus forming and keeping our national colors of red, white and blue.

One cannot but be impressed by the extreme courtesy and consideration shown by the school children to one who is fortunate enough to visit them in their school. Apropos of the recent graduation exercises, the following extract from the *Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror* sums up the whole matter in a nutshell:

"The account of the graduating exercises of the High School will be given by a competent reporter, but may I, as a former teacher still interested in the school, express the pleasure that the audience must have felt as they listened to the young people Wednesday evening?

I would especially commend the fine voices in which the speakers gave their papers. The pitch and tone of the speaking voice are so often faulty in our schools that it is gratifying to know that our pupils are learning the art of good oratory. One other point I would mention: the simple becoming dress of the graduates.

While our schools lead pupils to appreciate high ideals, we may all be hopeful, not only for the future of Nantucket, but for our whole country."

It is a far reach from school to jail, but this interesting old building must be given some notice. One of the older inmates of the Asylum for the Poor has in his possession a journal which contains the names of a number of

criminals who have been "dropped," as the early settlers expressed it. The gallows stood on the ground now occupied by the Agricultural Society. Judging from the names it seems that some of them must have been Indians. The names and dates of execution follow:

"Finch, hung in 1704; Sobo, in 1736; Jo Noby, 1730; Happy Comfort, 1739; John Comfort, 1745; Henry Inde, 1750; Thomas Ichabod, Joel Elica, Simeon Hens, Nathan Quibley, all in 1769."

Aside from the foregoing there doesn't seem to be any record of very extreme evildoing. But certainly the jail, as it now appears, would not, as one writer has it, "stand a menace to the wrongdoer." It is a frame building and was erected in 1805. Its iron bars might be easily broken and it would not be a difficult matter to remove a part of the siding, were one in very desperate straits. The jailers of early times were quite lenient, according to tradition. One prisoner was allowed to take his constitutional each night with the provision that he would return at nine o'clock. One night he failed to get back until some time after the appointed hour, whereupon the jailer informed him that the next time he remained away so late he, the jailer, should lock the doors and go to bed, as he did not care to be kept up beyond his usual bedtime.

Another criminal, whose sentence would prolong his incarceration until after the winter had set in, told the jailer that if he didn't fix the place so that it would be more comfortable he would be obliged to leave before his term expired.

A whole chapter might be devoted to the history of the village of Siasconsett, or "Sconsett," as the islanders call it, but space forbids more than a passing glance. The village is situated at the southeastern point of Nantucket Island and as early as 1758 was a fishing hamlet. It has now become famous as a summer resort and contains what

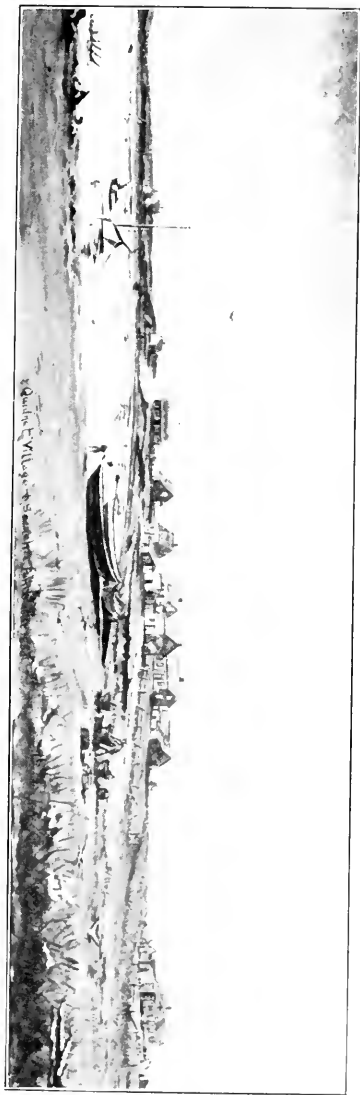
is known as the "Actors' Colony," a collection of bungalows built by theatrical people, who come to the island every summer to recuperate from their strenuous winter's engagements. Among the better known artists who reside here are Henrietta Crossman, Harry Woodruff, Digby Bell, and Julia Dean, about whom a clipping from a theatrical journal is taken:

"Julia Dean, having supplemented her season's work with a month or two at stock, runs away from the burning pavements to Siasconsett, the famous actors' colony on Nantucket Island. Miss Dean achieved local fame as a wit from her christening of the ante-Revolutionary cabin she took for the end of the season "Notanybath," a title which caused an English visitor to say: 'Notanybath? An Indian name, is it not?'"

The village has its postoffice, tea houses, several fine hotels, a golf course, casino and tennis courts. Its chief attraction, however, is its long stretch of sandy beach, where the most excellent surf bathing may be indulged in by all who enjoy the rougher water.

Other villages on the island are Quidnet, which is nothing more than a cluster of fishermen's houses, with an occasional summer cottage; Wauwniet, where excellent shore dinners may be procured; and Polpis, of early milling fame.

Visitors to the island and writers on the subject allude to Nantucket as being quaint. It may have been that in the days past and gone, when its houses were of "shingled, shangled, shongled and shungled" order, but in these days when the trend of architecture is a reversion to the colonial, Nantucket cannot longer hope to be conspicuous along these lines. The whistle of the ice plant and electric power house, the musical cadence of the locomotive bell as the train pulls out across the commons on a narrow gauge road, and the repeal of the curfew law, one and all bespeak the farewell to quaintness and herald the advent of extreme modernity.



SESUVATCHIA POND AND VILLAGE OF QUIDNET 1850

Each town and hamlet of older civilization contains its "characters" and Nantucket has ever been able to produce her quota. Other writers have given the town criers their meed of notoriety, and with Billy Clark, who "blew his lungs away," that type passed out of existence.

Nantucket skippers were supposed to be very acute in the knowledge of the sea and could tell where they were without the aid of the compass. The following lines by James Thomas Field will give the reader some idea of the methods employed:

"Many a long, long year ago
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, through 'lying low,'
How near New York their schooners ran.
They greased the lead before it fell
And then by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell, by tasting, just the spot,
And so below he'd 'douse the glim,'
After, of course, his 'something hot.'
Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock
This ancient skipper might be found,
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept—for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him with the lead;
He'd up, and taste, and tell the man
How many miles they went ahead.

One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag—the pedlar's son;
And so he mused (the wanton witch),
'To-night I'll have a grain of fun.
We're all a set of stupid fools
To think the skipper knows by tasting,
What ground he's on. Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting.'

And so he took the well-greased lead
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck—a parsnip bed,
And then he sought the skipper's berth.
'Where are we now, sir? Please to taste.'
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
And opened his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots and roared to Marden:
'Nantucket's sunk and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden.'"

Perhaps no family on the island has been discussed as fully as the Newbegins. After the death of the parents the three sisters lived together about a mile from town. They were Quakers, but for years they only left their home to get provisions, etc. It is said that they used to keep chickens in the house, allowing them to lay their eggs in the bureau drawers and even on the bed. In order to keep their potatoes from freezing they put them between the feather beds and slept on them. There was a large fireplace in the living-room and while a log was burning on one end the hens would roost on the other. For some reason no one was allowed to go upstairs. One of the sisters, Mary, made a weekly trip into town to get snuff. Whenever she came to a lamp-post she would go around it three times and when she stepped off a curbstone she would immediately step back again, then proceed on her way. All three sisters lived to a good old age and in their latter days were the objects of charity. Phebe died at the age of ninety-four, Mary at ninety-two and Anna at eighty-one.

Mary Catherine Lee has immortalized this family in her entertaining story "An Island Plant."

Nantucketers are all familiar with the character who ran all over the neighborhood to find a stepladder, as he wished

to paper his walls and wanted to get the correct measurement for the border.

It was told of this same person that his father, having been an ardent Democrat, was disappointed for years at not having had the privilege of seeing one of his favorites in the President's chair. Soon after his death Cleveland was elected and after the returns were all in the son was met coming from the cemetery with a lantern. On being accosted he explained that he had been up to tell his father that a Democrat had finally been elected.

Another well-known character lived alone, save for his pets, a parrot, a cat and a crow. On summer evenings he would sit on his steps playing a flute, the parrot perched on one shoulder and the crow on the other. The parrot was said to be quite a singer and the crow used to join in. Their favorite hymns were "When I can read my title clear" and "Jesus, my all, to Heaven has gone." When anything went wrong or was missing the cat was blamed for it. One day the master's glasses were not to be found. He took down a little twig, with which he used to whip his pets, and they both began to cry out "It was the cat," but when they saw that he was in earnest the crow flew into the garden and, going to a cabbage, picked up the glasses and walked back to his master with them.

The place still has its characters, of whom many amusing things are told, for the people of Nantucket are possessed of a strong sense of humor and, though extremely dignified in their manners, it is not difficult for them to laugh. The following amusing account of changing the name of a street is given by a local paper:

"The narrow rocky passageway leading from the schoolhouse grounds on Academy Hill to Lily Street commonly known as 'Break Neck Alley,' has been given the pleasing name of Sunset Pass and has an attractive signboard at its Lily Street entrance. If the pedestrian who uses the alley does not keep both his head and heels under control, he is liable to see stars as well as the Sunset."

To see the people at their best and in order to place a true value upon them, one must go into their homes. Here one sees furnishings that would make an antiquarian turn green with envy; china and cut glass brought from across the seas, when the whalers returned from their voyages to foreign marts; here a spoon, made for the first white child born on the island; there a lacquered chest that contains a pound of tea brought from Japan over a half century ago, the aroma of which is still a delight to the nostrils of tea drinkers; tall clocks of an earlier age stand ticking off the hours with as much accuracy and dignity as in days of yore; and then the four-posters of solid mahogany; and so one might run on indefinitely. But above all is the charm of the people; hospitality is dispensed with lavish hands, even the tone of voice of one's hostess proclaims her at once to be a real gentlewoman. How seldom the word is used nowadays. After a few weeks spent in this enchanting spot, the strident voices that greet one's ears on his return to the mainland almost set the nerves a-quiver.

If the summer visitors think they can inspire the islanders with awe by the display of fine clothes and glitter of jewels, they would better spare themselves all effort in that direction, because these things are of minor consideration in the eyes of the people who have been accustomed to luxury from their earliest recollections.

Owing to the isolated situation of the island, the people have naturally had to fall back upon their own resources for amusement and pastime in the winter season. The Atheneum Library, with something near fifteen thousand volumes, its reading tables covered with the best and most recent current literature; the "Alliance," a club conducive to the advancement of higher ideals of living; the different church societies, and last, but not least, a wideawake woman's suffrage organization,—all these explain the high

degree of culture possessed by the majority. Many of the older women have seen much of the world, having gone on long voyages with their husbands, in some cases children being born in the meantime.

One of Nantucket's grandames comes to mind,—a real gentlewoman she is and, although eighty years of age, her eyes are as bright and her mind as alert as though she were many years younger. Her life has been full indeed. Not of Nantucket birth, however, she married at an early age one of the direct descendants of Tristram and Dionis Coffin of early fame. The twenty-first of May, 1849, as a bride she accompanied her husband to California, going all the way by water. For some years she traveled extensively, going to Rio Janiero, Cape Verde Islands, Tahiti and other South Pacific islands. She was in San Francisco when California was declared a free state and at one time was in South America when an epidemic of yellow fever raged, and although many Nantucket crews succumbed to this dreadful scourge, yet the heroine of this sketch escaped infection altogether. After children began coming into the family it was decided to return to Nantucket to remain permanently, and now came the tragedy that ended what had promised to be an ideal home. The husband sailed away with all assurances of a speedy return, but when the sails of that ship passed beyond the horizon, they were seen no more and through all the weary years the widow struggled on, rearing her family of six fatherless bairns to years of maturity, and all lived to do her great credit. Regardless of the tragic ending of the father's life, the boys all chose the sea, while two of the daughters married lighthouse keepers, the call of old ocean proving irresistible to them all. For over fifty years our heroine has lived in the one house, the latchstring of which is ever out to both old friends and the summer folk. Her hair is now silvered and her step is feeble. Sweetly,

patiently she simply waits the call to cross the bar to meet the husband of her youth and the three children who have preceded her into the great beyond.

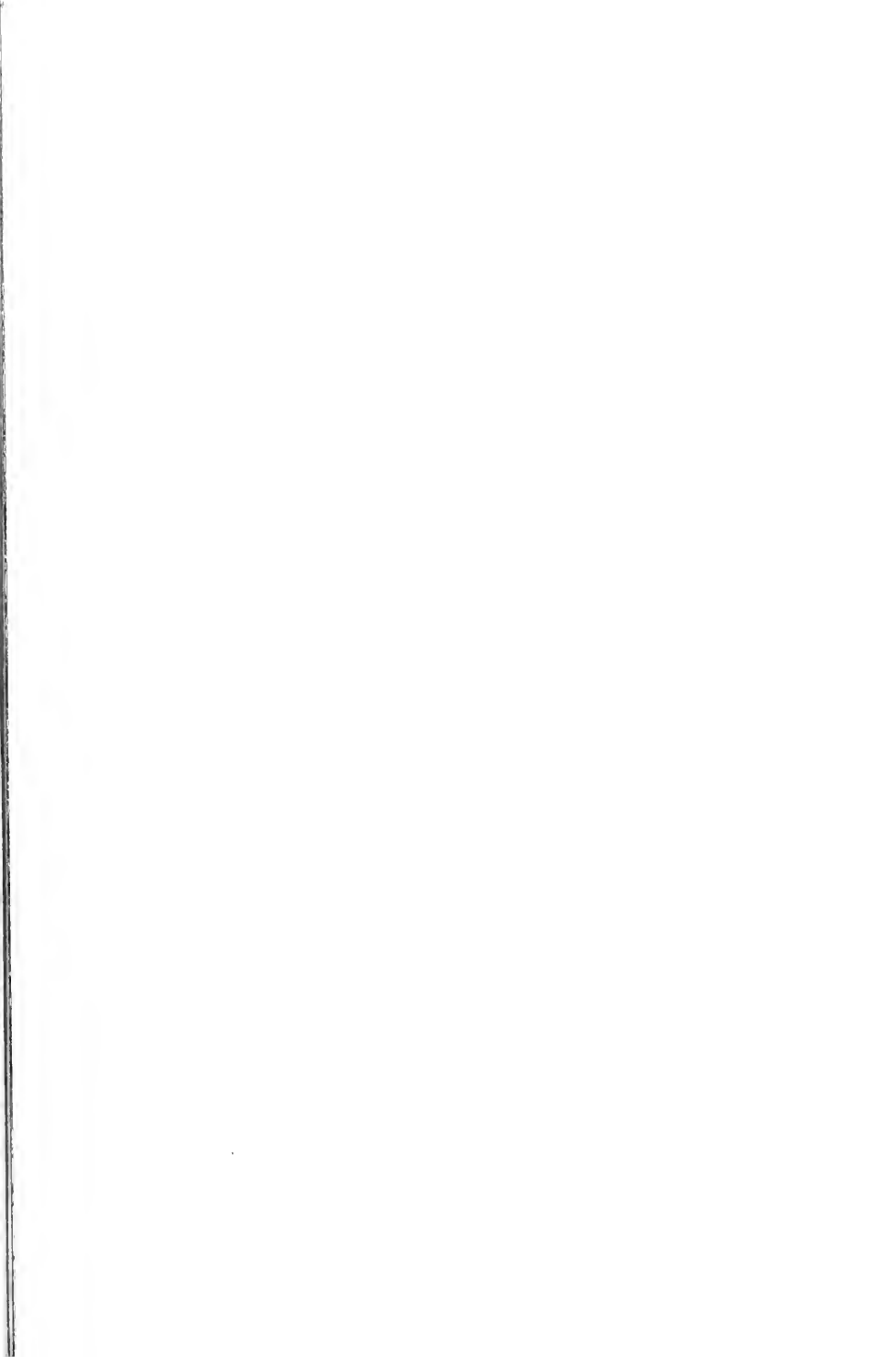
So there have been tragedies as well as comedies enacted on this seagirt isle, and because of the former a keen sense of sympathy is characteristic of the people. It is not a truism in this particular spot that to weep is to weep alone, for tears are ever as near the surface as laughter and often far more genuine.

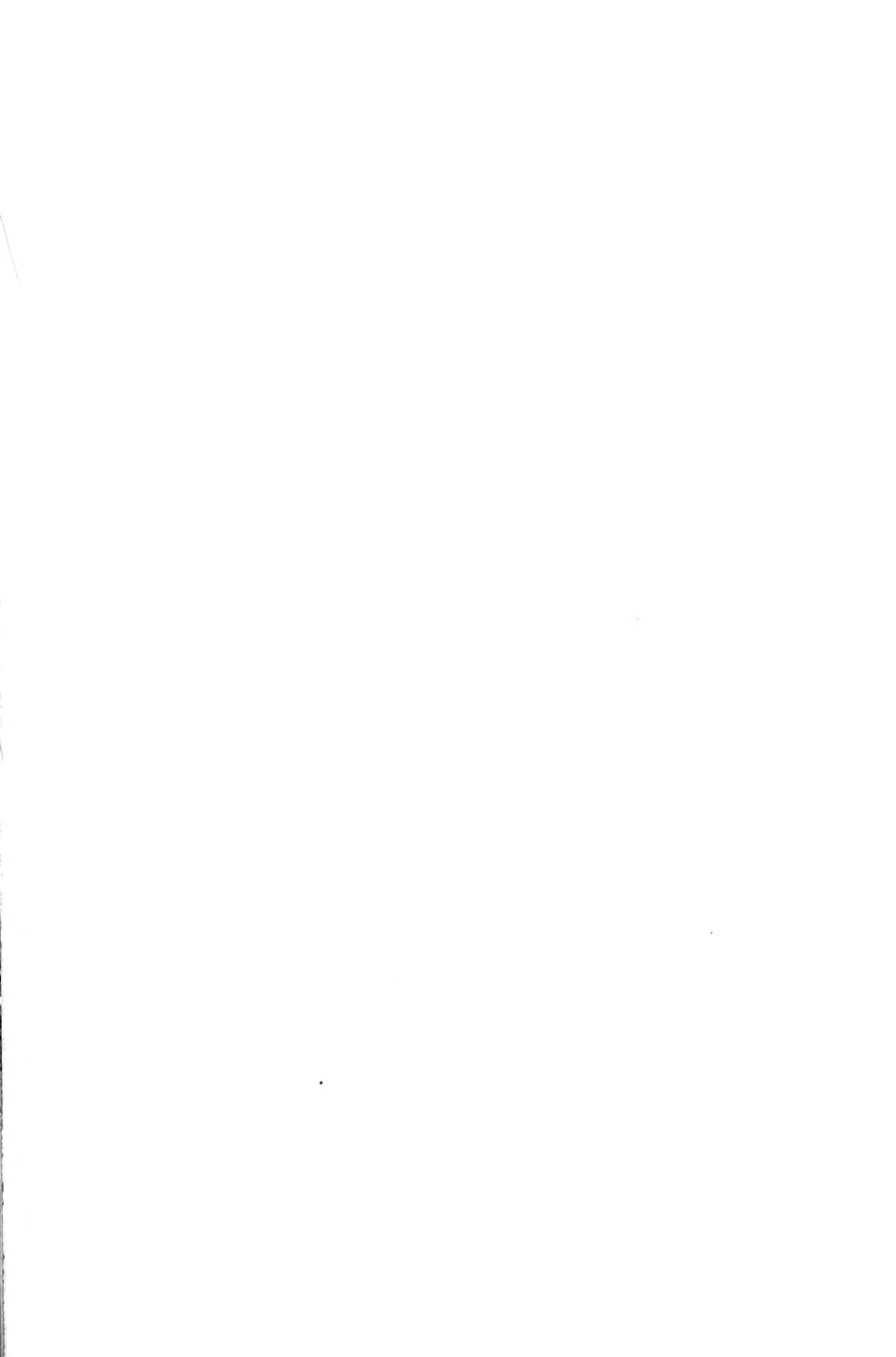
Not a great deal has been said since the beginning about the physical features of this land of "heart's desire." A whole chapter would not suffice to tell the story of its flora; each season brings forth its own particular contribution and even in midwinter the peculiar coloring of the moors presents a most interesting aspect. But oh, the time of roses!—can anything equal it? Along the road to Polpis the wild roses grow in such rich profusion that to be fully appreciated they must be seen, as no language can express the beauty of these flowers. The yellow broom, which comes out in all its gorgeousness in its season, the hibiscus and the red lily each in its season, are beautiful beyond compare. In early spring the trailing arbutus is found in great profusion; here, too, is found the bonny heather, and it is said in some very secluded places the Irish gorse is to be found, the only place outside of the Emerald Isle. If one thinks he knows the true beauty of a water lily and has not made the acquaintance of the pink lily of Nantucket, it would pay him to take the trip in order to be convinced of his error. The same may be said of the hydrangeas; the half cannot be told of their gorgeous coloring and hardy foliage.

In closing it must be said for the benefit of those intending to visit this much storied island, that to one who would get the most out of a stay, however short or protracted, first he must be perfectly "in tune with the Infinite,"

otherwise he will be like the young lady who had been taken out for a drive along the rutted roads across the moors. On her return her hostess asked her how she had enjoyed it. "Oh," she replied, "the drive was most enjoyable, but where is your much talked of scenery?" If one is looking for the grandeur of mountain views or silvery sheen of tumbling cascades and waterfalls, he will certainly not find them here; but if he can appreciate the grandeur of old ocean, if he can with an artist's eye enjoy the indescribable coloring of earth and sky and sea, he is then in a position to enjoy to the fullest extent a stay on this, the Glacier's Gift, and can say with Mrs. Browning,

"Nothing is small.
No lily muffled hum of summer bee
But finds some coupling with the spinning stars;
No pebble at your feet but proves a sphere.
Earth's crammed with Heaven;
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."





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